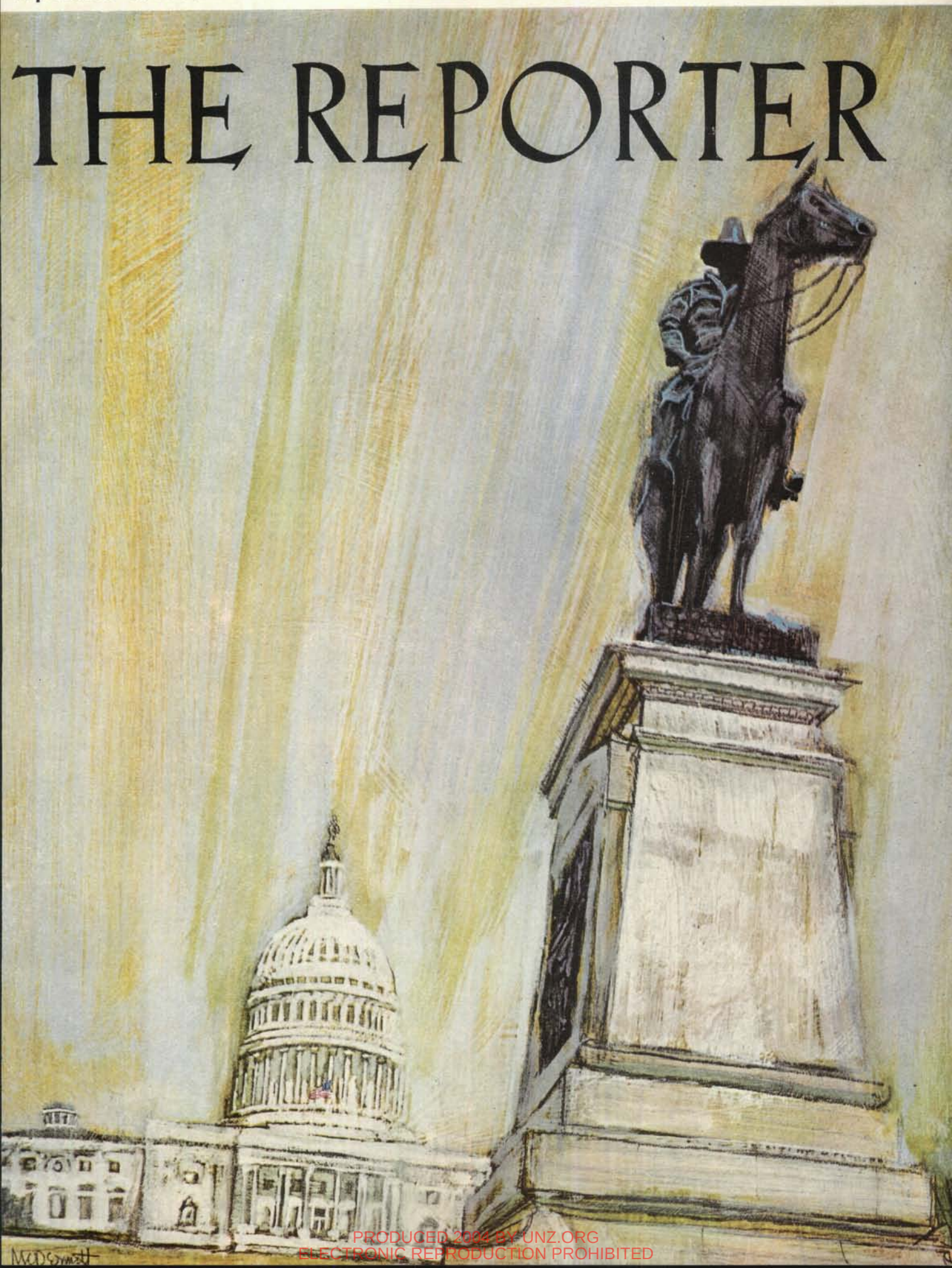
National and State Politics
September 8, 1966 35¢

SUKARNO'S HOLDOUTS IN CENTRAL JAVA

THE REPORTER



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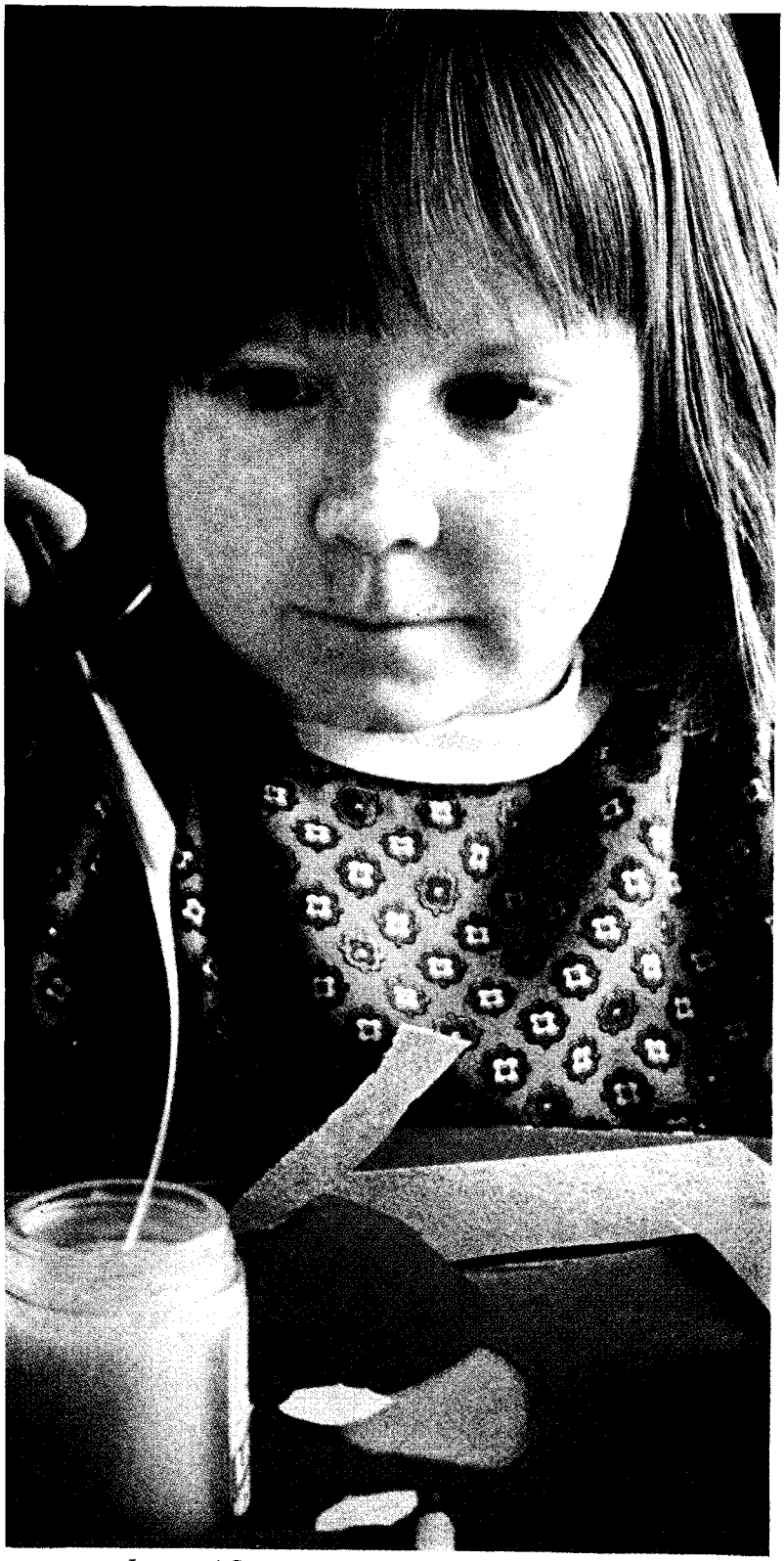

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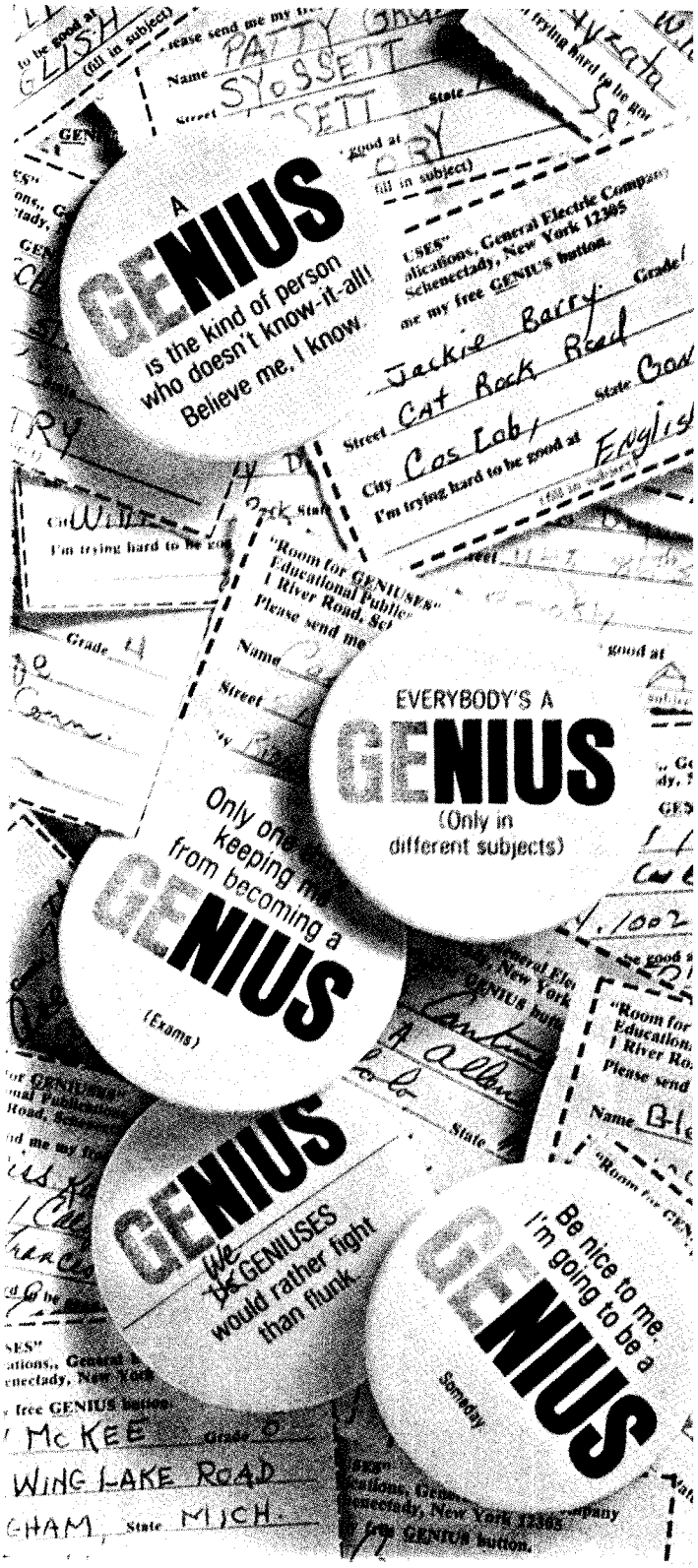
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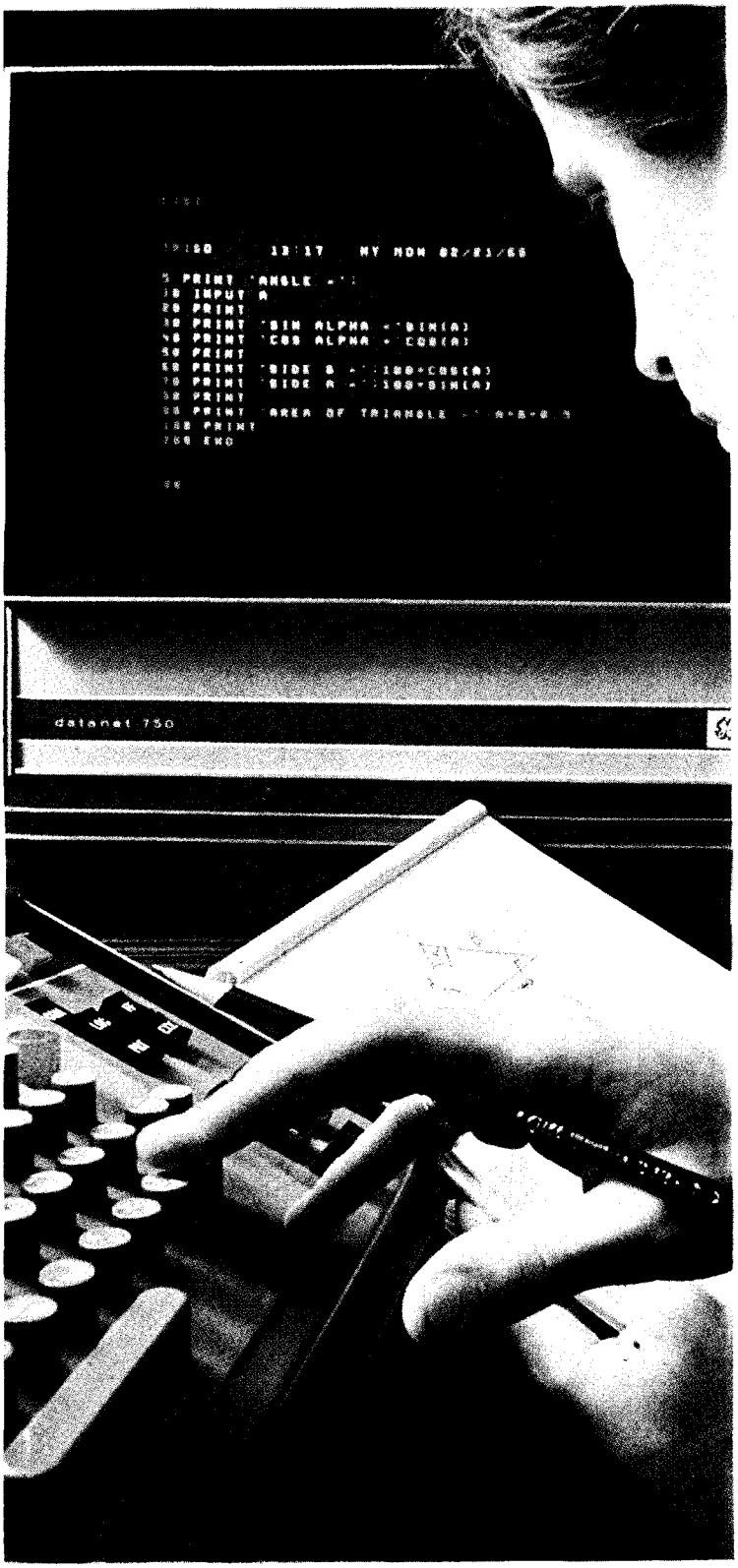

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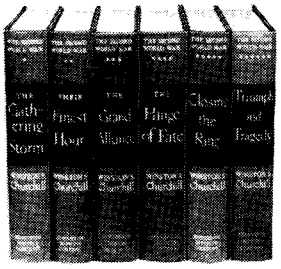

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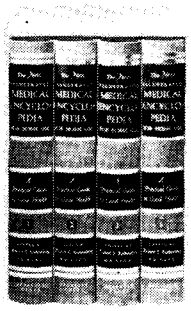

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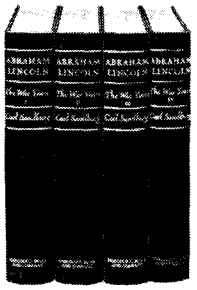

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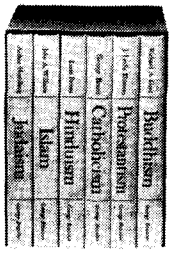

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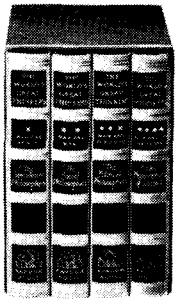

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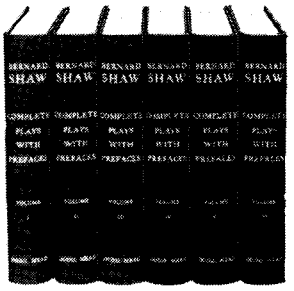

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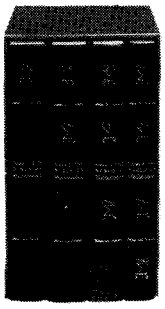

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Variable Sweep Wings: A report from General Dynamics

A major step forward in aircraft design:

This week, several pilots redesigned their airplanes in flight. Shortly after takeoff, each pilot moved a trombone-shaped slide in his cockpit and folded back the wings of his plane.

The ability to do this made the F-111's they were flying the first aircraft that can (1) operate from short landing fields, *and* (2) fly economically for long subsonic cruise ranges or ferry itself across an ocean, *and* (3) strike supersonically at treetop height *or* dash at two-and-a-half times the speed of sound at an altitude of 12 miles.

The key is its variable sweep wing. Today the first 17 developmental F-111's, built by General Dynamics, are daily demonstrating the feasibility of a movable wing—a development that finally makes a truly multipurpose airplane practical.

The matter of flight envelope:

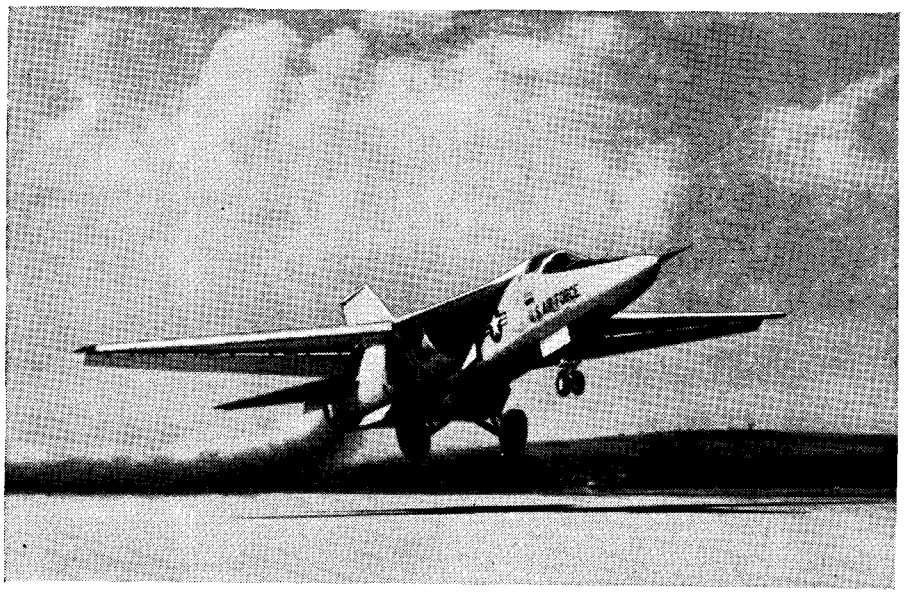
Every aircraft has a specific "envelope"—a set of limitations, or boundaries, of speed and altitude, within which it can operate effectively. The final design of a plane depends upon which of several possible purposes is most important.

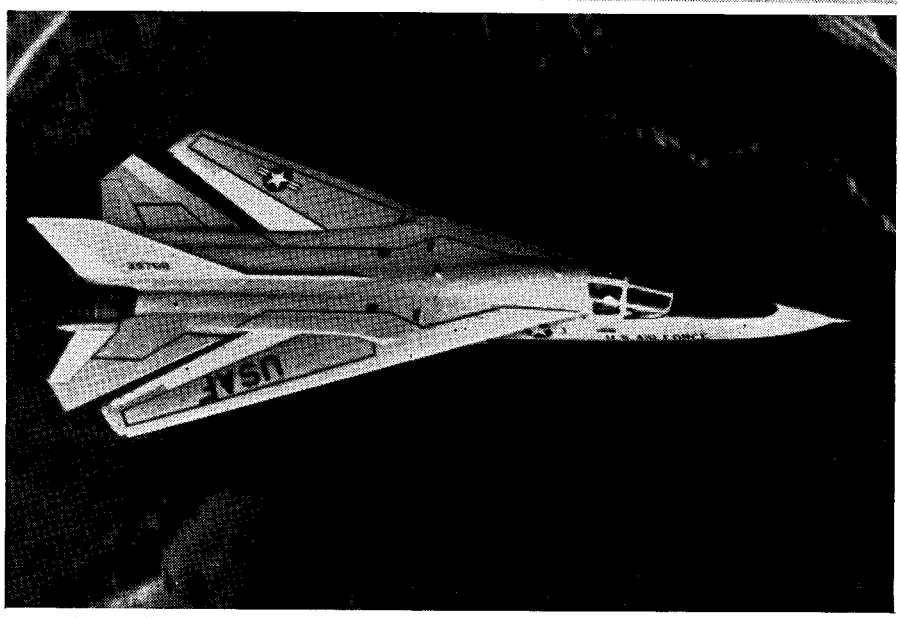
A long wing extended straight out is best for short takeoff and landing, long range and endurance, or high load-carrying characteristics. For the high lift demanded, a large amount of wing surface is needed.

But as speed increases, less lift is needed from the wings. In fact, at high speeds, large wings increase resistance from the air. Such an airplane can be pushed to supersonic speed by brute power, but not efficiently.

This resistance is commonly called drag, and one way to reduce it has been to sweep the wing back. For instance, the modern passenger jet, whose wings are partially swept back, can fly efficiently for long distances just below the speed of sound. But the swept wing provides less lift, and such aircraft need long runways, sometimes up to two miles long, and special braking devices.

Very high speeds—faster than sound—can best be reached with a very small wing, sometimes in a triangle or delta shape. But the still lower lift can require even longer runways, and additional braking devices such as drogue parachutes. The very small wing offers considerably less fuel efficiency for long-range, subsonic flight.





Top: The F-111 with its wings extended straight out for high lift at takeoff.
Bottom: Wings being swept back to allow F-111 to reach supersonic speeds.

Three aircraft in one:

A wing whose position can be changed by a pilot *in flight* gives a single airplane the special talents of all three types. With the wing fully extended, the aircraft has high lift for short takeoff or landing or high-load capacity. With the wings partially swept, efficient long-range subsonic flight becomes practical. Pulling the wings all the way back to their smallest exposed area provides supersonic dash, without having sacrificed either high lift or cruise economy.

Previous—and impractical—attempts to achieve variable wing geometry go all the way back to 1911. The chief problem: an undesirable relationship between center of gravity and center of lift as the wings moved would cause an airplane to nose up and down sharply—become longitudinally unstable.

How it operates:

Not until 1960 did the National Aeronautics and Space Administration conceive the answer to this instability—simultaneously sweeping both wings around separate pivot points which were moved out on the wing root rather

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than having a single pivot in the center of the fuselage. The concept has been refined and developed by General Dynamics through more than 22,000 hours of wind tunnel testing, and more than 25 million man-hours of design and development.

The F-111's variable wing can be moved in flight from its fully extended position (technically with 16° of sweep measured at the leading edge) to a full sweep of 72.5°, with the wings tucked back against (and much of them actually inside) the fuselage for a narrow delta shape. The position of the wings can be set and held at any position between these two extremes, with the pilot himself deciding what wing setting is best for maximum performance in a given set of circumstances. He can normally lever the wings from one extreme to the other in about twenty seconds.

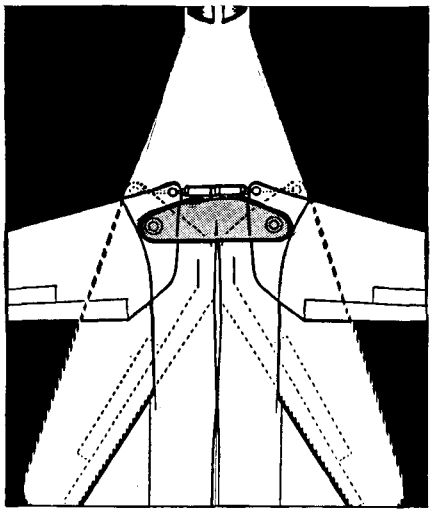
The precision of design is so exact and the wing so balanced that negligible elevator trim is needed to compensate for full sweep of the wing.

Heart of the system:

The heart of the F-111's variable sweep system is a 14-foot steel yoke across the fuselage (see drawing below).

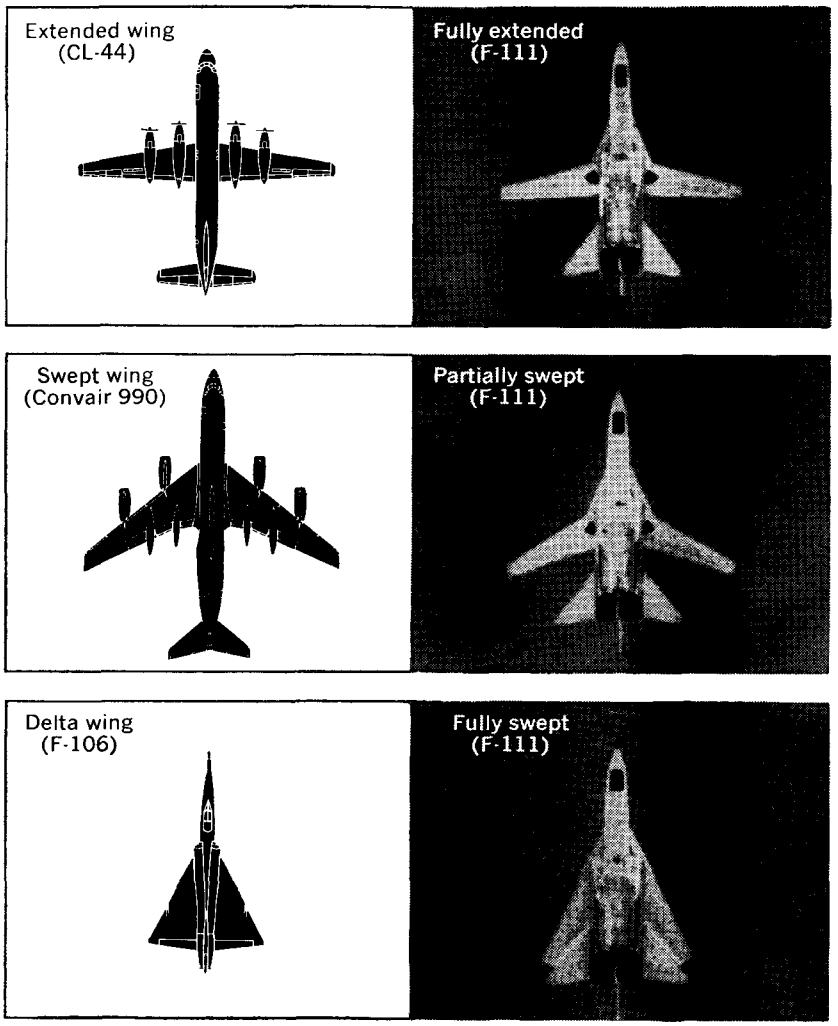
The movable portions of each wing are fastened to the yoke by 8½-inch diameter high-strength steel pivot pins. Forward of the yoke hydraulically powered actuators, responding to the pilot's control selection, move the wings from one position to another.

For additional high lift at takeoff and landing, full span slats and flaps are incorporated into the wing. The wing itself is ingeniously tapered so that much of its area when fully extended is highly cambered—that is, with a relatively thick curve for greater lift—and thin at the area remaining exposed when wings are swept back for high-speed flight.



How the wing works. A 14-foot steel yoke, with its 8½-inch diameter pins, on which the wings pivot, is the heart of the variable sweep winged F-111. The yoke and pins support the whole plane in flight. A jackscrew just forward of the yoke actuates the wings during sweep.

How wing configuration determines flight envelope



Left, top to bottom: Drawings of planes flying today. Extended wing of transport provides relatively short takeoff and landing with heavy loads. Swept wing of passenger liner provides less lift, but allows the plane to fly efficiently just below the speed of sound. Small delta wing of military fighter reduces air resistance (drag) and allows the plane to fly at supersonic speeds.

Right, top to bottom: Photos of the F-111 show how the variable sweep wing gives it the advantages of the extended wing, swept wing and delta wing—all in one plane.

The future for the sweep wing:

Since the Wright Brothers' first breakthrough in the art of manned flight, there have been relatively few major advances in the basic art of airplane building. One was the introduction of light aluminum structures, another the introduction of the turbine—better known as the jet—engine for propulsion.

The variable sweep wing represents a similar major step forward. For any category of aircraft—military, commercial or private—where the combination of very high-speed flight, long economic cruise and high lift for easy takeoff and landing is desired, the variable sweep wing sets the new standard. Even space ships may ultimately incorporate some form of variable geometric wing to make them more maneuverable within different atmospheres.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN HIS EDITORIAL, **Max Ascoli** takes potshots at a number of words that are now entirely debased or that have radically changed their meanings. But apart from this exercise in semantics, he finds an opportunity to go against the prevailing trend among political writers and bring out his reasons for supporting the major foreign and domestic policies of the administration.

One of these policies, however, the wage-price guideposts, has undoubtedly been battered by recent events. Much more than a weapon against inflation has been lost in the collapse of the Presidential wage-price guidelines. Relations between the administration, labor, and management have suffered, the glittering promise of the "new economics" of boom without inflation has faded, and public concern about the stock market and high prices is mounting. President Johnson's statement to the press on August 24 that "It may be that the government will have to take other measures" needs to be followed by action. **A. H. Raskin** is assistant editor of the editorial page of the New York *Times*. . . . That word "backlash," describing the emotional reaction of whites who feel threatened by Negro militancy, is back in currency and we'll be hearing it often this electoral season. Backlash in its most pervasive form put both civil-rights zealots and moderates in Congress on the spot this summer as they tried to draft legislation prohibiting discrimination in the sale of private housing without either dooming the 1966 civil-rights bill or getting in hot water with their constituents. **John Berry** and **Mary Clay** follow the twists and turns the lawmakers took in the House before sending the bill to face further trials in the Senate this month. The authors are both former Providence *Journal* reporters free-lancing in Washington, where Mr. Berry is a Congressional Fellow of the American Political Science Association. . . . The political activities of the Kennedys are so wide-ranging that one tends to forget that it all began in Massachusetts, where Teddy will soon be the senior Senator. The state's forthcoming bitter Democratic primary not only revives the dynastic struggle of the Kennedys and the McCormacks, revealing how little has been done to bring concord to the party, but also provides an example of the Kennedys' techniques in delaying endorsement among candidates to whom they owe political debts. **Martin F. Nolan** is a Washington correspondent of the Boston *Globe*. . . . Another Democratic senatorial primary—in Michigan—also presented problems of loyalty to party members who like both former Governor G. Mennen Williams and Detroit Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh. **Jerald terHorst,** Washington bureau chief of the Detroit *News,* tells the secret of "Soapy's" victory. . . . Perhaps the one thing certain that can be said about Indonesia is that as long as Sukarno is around, nothing, not even the new régime, is certain. In central Java, pro-Sukarno nationalists and undercover Communists are opposing Moslem elements in a struggle that could lead to new fighting, according to **Donald Kirk,** who regularly visits Djakarta from his free-lance base in Hong Kong. . . . There's a presidential election coming up in Brazil, but you'd scarcely know it from the relaxed "campaign" of the only contender. He is the candidate of the ARENA Party, the political instrument created to ensure continuance of the revolution. **Nicholas Raymond** and **Winthrop P. Carty** are editors with Visión, Inc.

Alfred Kazin recalls the wit, eloquence, love, and despair that went into the work of the late Randall Jarrell. At the same time, Mr. Kazin in many ways defines the function of the critic. Mr. Kazin is the author of a classic study of American literature, *On Native Grounds* (Harcourt hardback and Anchor paperback). . . . **Alfred Werner,** who has just returned from a European trip, is the author of *German Expressionist Drawing* (Shorewood). . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity*. . . . **Andrew M. Greeley** is, as he indicates, both a Roman Catholic priest and a social scientist. He is associated with the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, and with Peter H. Rossi is co-author of *The Education of Catholic Americans* (Aldine). . . . **George H. T. Kimble's** books include *Our American Weather,* published by McGraw-Hill in hard cover and by Indiana University Press in paperback. Mr. Kimble currently resides in Corsica. . . . **Sarel Eimerl,** an English expatriate, writes about visiting Englishmen.

Our Washington cover is by **John R. McDermott.** Mr. McDermott is the author of *Brooks Wilson Ltd.* (Fawcett Gold Medal), which is published under the pen name J. M. Ryan, and is presently making a movie, *Belleau Wood,* with the aid of a Ford Foundation grant.

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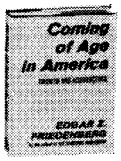

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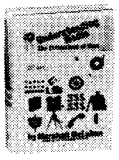

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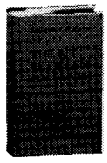

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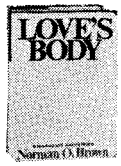

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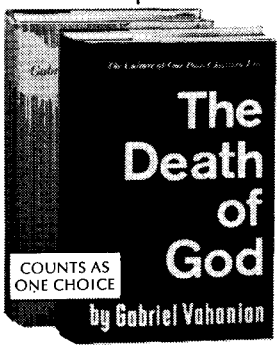

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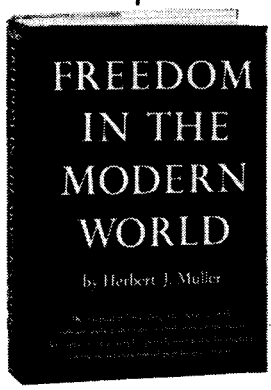

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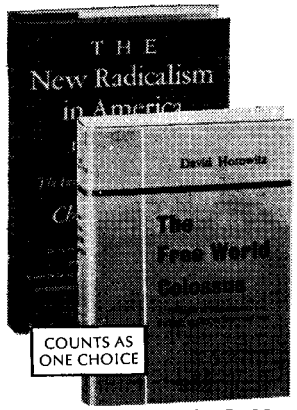

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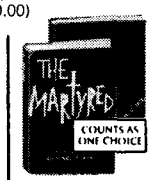

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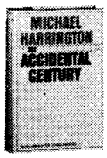

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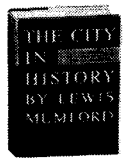

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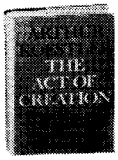

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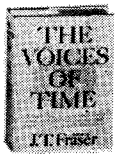

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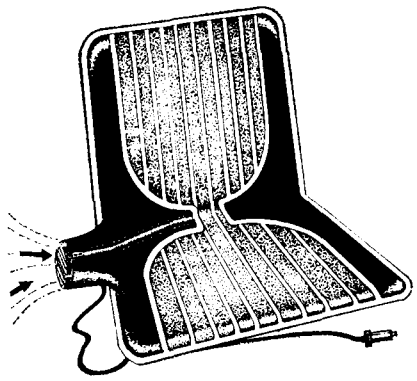

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DAWSON OF CHICAGO

To the Editor: It is utterly astonishing to me how an otherwise competent reporter like Richard Cotton could pass over without mention the genuine political revolution that is continuing today in Chicago's First Congressional District ("William Dawson Calls the Tune," *The Reporter*, August 11).

Cotton is quite accurate in his observations about the machine politics of octogenarian Negro Congressman William Dawson, wryly known as "Super Tom" to the more sophisticated of his constituents. What he fails to point out is that the same social forces that pushed Fred Hubbard to thirty-five per cent of the primary vote against Dawson in June have now united behind a twenty-five year old Negro Republican named David R. Reed, who is seeking to unseat Dawson in November.

No one says that knocking off "Super Tom" will be easy. But if money can be raised to finance a strong campaign, knowledgeable political observers here think it can be done. What is remarkable, of course, is that black men striving to break free from a corrupt Democratic machine are marching under the Republican banner. Win or lose, the Reed candidacy promises to start a revolution in urban Negro politics that may have a lasting, reverberating impact in Chicago and in other American cities in the years ahead.

JOHN MCCLAUGHRY
Chicago

To the Editor: Knowing Congressman Dawson for close to forty years and having knowledge of the character of his leadership, I believe Mr. Cotton has failed to explore the fountain from which flows not alone the support, but the respect for Congressman Dawson. It must be remembered that Congressman Dawson fought not alone for civil rights, but for economic benefits for his constituents long before the present-day organized effort.

A closer examination into the reason for people terming themselves "Dawson men" is that they are grateful to Congressman Dawson for his competent and effective leadership in the past.

J. M. ARVEY
Chicago

COVERS

To the Editor: As a Head Start teacher in an integrated program which deals mostly with Negro children, I was particularly fascinated with Tom Feelings cover on your August 11 issue. It speaks volumes to me and I am sure that it would be equally meaningful to the children I teach.

In teaching these children from impoverished backgrounds, visual aids have proved extremely effective. Our children particularly enjoy pictures of children like themselves—especially pictures that they can interpret in their own ways. It is often difficult to find pictures of Negro children with which our students can identify. However, your cover picture is exactly what we are often seeking but seldom find.

JAN ROBERTSON
Greenville, Mississippi

To the Editor: I have always been impressed by the quality of the art shown in *The Reporter*, but what impelled me to write at this time was the most sensitive cover by Tom Feelings on the August 11 issue of the magazine.

Thank you for this, as well as for the continuing program of art you furnish the readers of the magazine.

RABBI ROBERT BLINDER
Temple B'nai Israel
Galveston, Texas

To the Editor: I particularly like the August 11, 1966 cover of the magazine. *Every* cover of your excellent magazine is suitable for saving and framing.

DOMINIC P. STANIULIS
Chicago, Illinois

EAST GERMANY

To the Editor: Welles Hangen's article, "East Germany: The Prosperous Prisoner" (*The Reporter*, August 11) has impressed me very much both by its analysis of the economic structure of that part of Germany and by the author's conclusions concerning its impact on the political behavior of the SED régime.

One point where I would not agree with the author is his interpretation of a certain "defiant pride" as evidence of a "new nationalism." In my view it seems to be rather a sign of self-confidence based on economic achievements brought about without any help from the outside world and despite the rigid planning system of the past. This feeling of economic "self-confidence" certainly serves as a psychological counterweight against the lack of political freedom under a régime which—apart from the economic sphere—remains undoubtedly the most "Stalinist" in Eastern Europe.

MINISTER BARON VON STACKELBERG
(Chargé d'Affaires ad interim)
Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany
Washington

THAILAND

To the Editor: I have read with great interest Maynard Parker's report on Communist activities in the southern part of Thailand ("Squeeze Play in Thailand," *The Reporter*, August 11). While I am not yet in a position to make detailed comments on the account, I should say from the outset that

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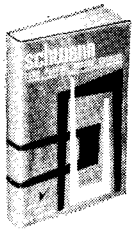

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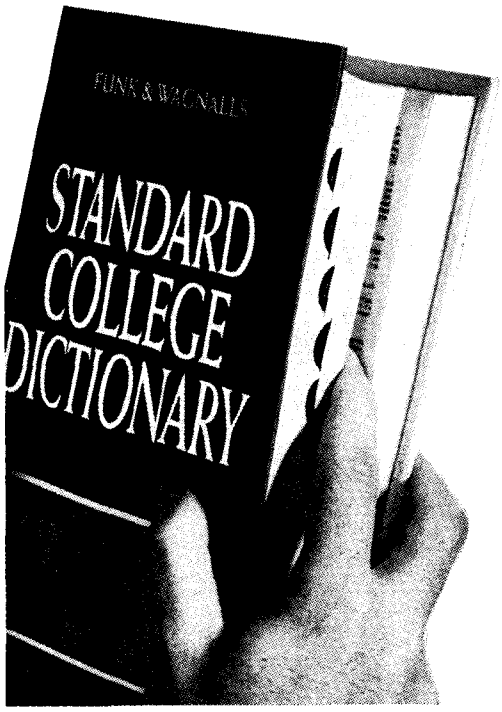

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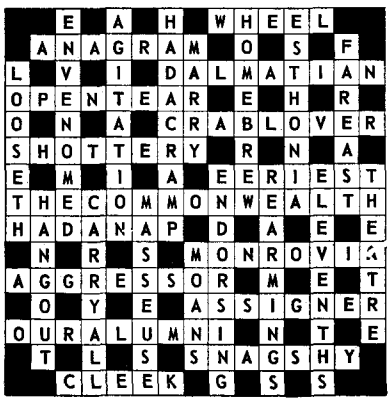

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Your Postmaster recommends that the new 5-digit zip code number be included immediately after and on the same line as the name of the state . . . both in the return as well as the mailing address of all mail.

I personally find the tone and substance of the report to be a little over pessimistic. Positive and constructive measures have been adopted and implemented by the Thai Government in various fields and the results are encouraging. Needless to say, there is still a lot more to be done but the Thai Government is continuing its efforts in the right direction.

Please allow me to congratulate your magazine for bringing to the attention of your readers a subject matter concerning Thailand which should be of general interest to the American public.

ANAND PANYARACHUN
Chargé d'Affaires, a.i.
Permanent Mission of Thailand to the U.N.

FOR A NEW ALLIANCE

To the Editor: Your issue of July 14, 1966 contains what I, and probably many others, will consider as the most remarkably wise, imaginative and statesman-like plan "For a New Atlantic Alliance." Mr. Kissinger's article should be reproduced a million times and pondered over in America and Europe.

HENRI M. PEYRE
Department of French
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

LITERATURE AND MORALITY

To the Editor: I must write and congratulate you on the very fine article by Virgilia Peterson, "Prejudice and Hope," (*The Reporter,* August 11).

This kind of criticism of the lack of accepted moral standards by latter day American writers should indeed be noted and criticized—her phrase that what "is said in a book should not be said in a moral vacuum" is magnificent, and I could wish that copies of that article could be reprinted and sent widespread to our students of writing in schools and colleges.

BERTHA FANNING TAYLOR
Norfolk, Virginia

To the Editor: My congratulations for the marvelous article by Virgilia Peterson. It was like finding a fresh-water spring after suffering through a long bleak stretch of pollution.

I agree with Miss Peterson. Hope is essential, wonderful, alive—and thank heaven there's a courageous voice to proclaim it.

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LOST SUMMERS

To the Editor: I can quit wondering what it was about Iowa in 1947 because Robley Wilson, Jr. has said it. What a fine clarity of question and statement in "Iowa" and "Iceboxes" both (*The Reporter,* July 14). My God, iceboxes.

Thank you for the poems.

MARY DAVIS
East Lansing, Michigan

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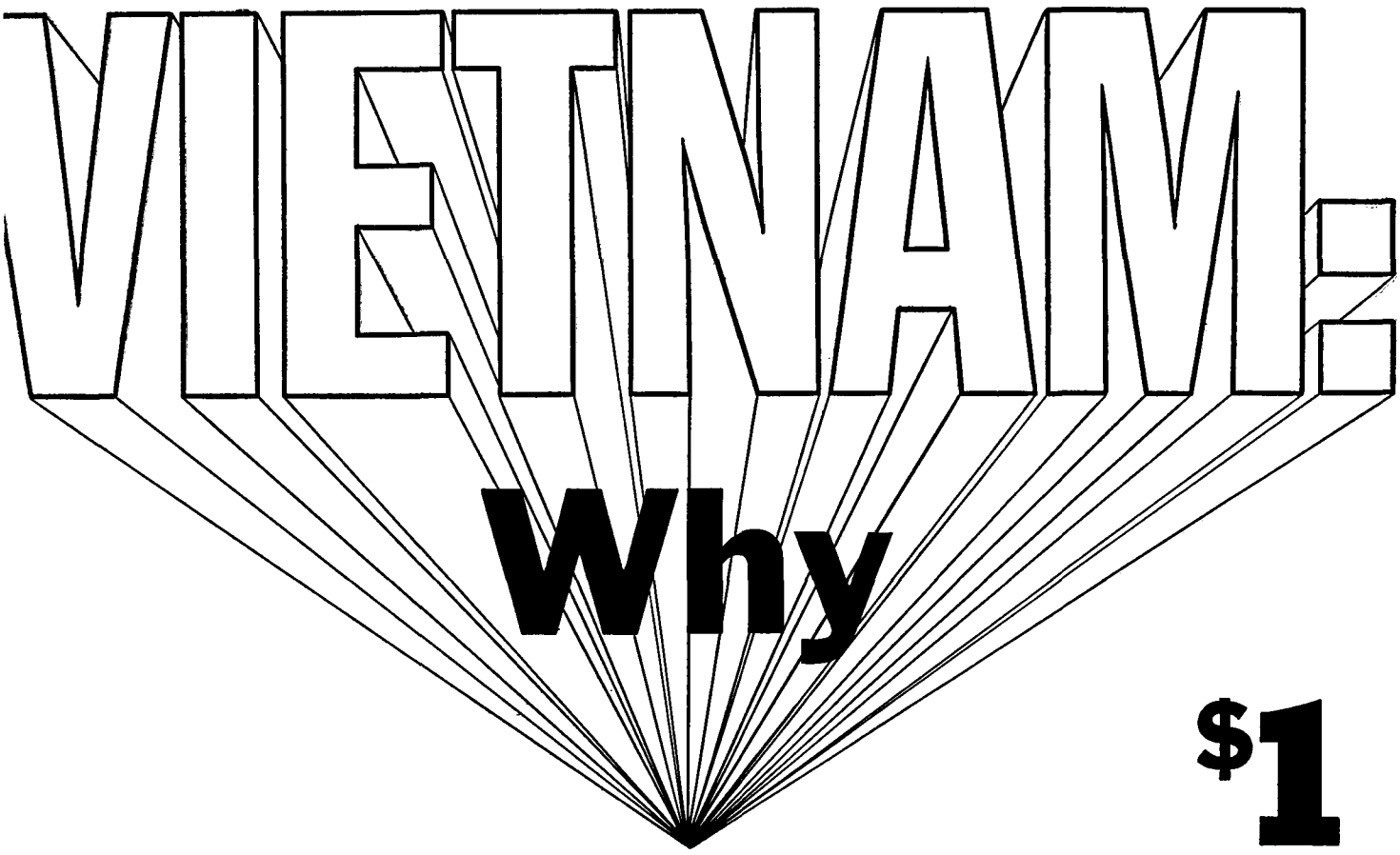

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Hit and Miss Parade

The theatrical season in Washington this summer conformed closely to the pattern set elsewhere—small, off-chamber productions and hearings produced on a shoestring provided the capital's main entertainment, while such lavish, full-scale productions as *Pie in the Sky*, a musical comedy in twelve acts about a President of the United States and some Senators who try to entice each other into settling an airlines strike, were on the whole poorly received. Here is a rundown of some of the livelier shows on the Congressional circuit, a few of which will be reopening after Labor Day:

Cast the First Stone. The playwriting team of Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson did the script for this often moving account of a Connecticut legislator who is tried by a group of his colleagues on charges that he indulged in financial hocus-pocus to the detriment of their collective image. Under the able direction of Mississippian John Stennis (*The McNamara Follies, Let My People Go*), the cast made the most of several electrifying scenes of recognition and betrayal wherein the legislator and his aides describe the parental, filial, and other relationships they all enjoyed in Room 105 of the Old Senate Office Building before events overtook them. Excellent casting, with the exception of the difficult and improbable role of Major General Julius Klein (Ret.), played by the general himself well beyond the point of credibility.

HUAC: A "Happening." From Texas comes a new talent, Mr. Joe Pool, who is widely considered the most exciting find of the season. Indeed, the HUAC Players—otherwise known as the Squares in the Circle—have risen to heights under his direction unequaled since they took their show on tour a few years ago, ending up in Berkeley, California, where they received such a memorable reception. For a while, the company tried its hand at filmmaking. The result, *Operation Abolition*, won several awards from HUAC itself, but was a great disappointment to women's clubs and other audiences who had rented it under the impression that it was based on the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe. More recently, HUAC has had one flop after the next, terminating in an anti-climactic melodrama called *Klavern 69 Doesn't Answer*. It took the imagination of Director Pool to see HUAC's great potential as a stager of "happenings." This summer's event was complete with unpredictable on-stage/off-stage occurrences—a nice intermingling of unfathomable court orders, audience participation, paddy wagons, police brutality, witness hysteria, Hitler salutes, and gavel banging. In a neat and brilliant switch on the expected, the HUAC Players implored the witnesses to take the Fifth Amendment, while the witnesses refused to cease incriminating themselves. A special word of commendation is due the costume designer. All in all, a treat.

Old Faces. Washington theatregoers are not of one mind about the effect on this perennial favorite —also known as *Block That Bill* —of the forced retirement of old trouper Judge Howard Smith, who played to packed houses in the Rules Committee Room. Generally, it is conceded that the Judge and Manny—his end-man in civil-rights numbers—were an incomparable combination, and after years in the part Judge Smith had become complete master of the throwaway line: "Ah always heard you people in New Yo'k were mighty peculiar." William Colmer of Mississippi, who has understudied Smith's role in *Old Faces* for many years himself, will open in the lead next January.

Rathole! The foreign-aid saga has had a longer theatrical run than anything since *Abie's Irish Rose*, but in recent years the quality of the performance had declined owing to the retirement of such stars as Homer Capehart and John Bricker. This season, it reopened with a whole new cast under the direction of J. W. Fulbright. The production received excellent reviews from critics, who had never been very enthusiastic about the drama as presented by the original company. Wayne Morse turns in a specially creditable performance as Otto Passman.

The Farmer's Gamble

To be Secretary of Agriculture, one needs a thick skin. Less than a year ago, Orville Freeman was still fighting off charges that he was not doing enough to reduce our farm surpluses. Then the Food and Agriculture Act of 1965, which the President signed into law last November, made it more attractive than ever for a grain or cotton farmer to cut back production and get paid for it. By editorial consensus this was a fine law, a step toward allowing the price to be determined in the marketplace and emptying the government storehouses.

How quickly the scene has changed! How wise we are all of a sudden! How criminal to have let our surpluses dwindle and our acres lie idle! Where was the Secretary of Agriculture when all this was going on? He was, of course, right where he had been before: administering a law passed by Congress, signed, with laudatory comments, by the President, and noted as evidence of progress and wisdom all around.

But even the thickest skin wears thin. On August 8, Mr. Freeman announced, for the second time in three months, that he was raising the acreage on which farmers could grow wheat without inviting penal-

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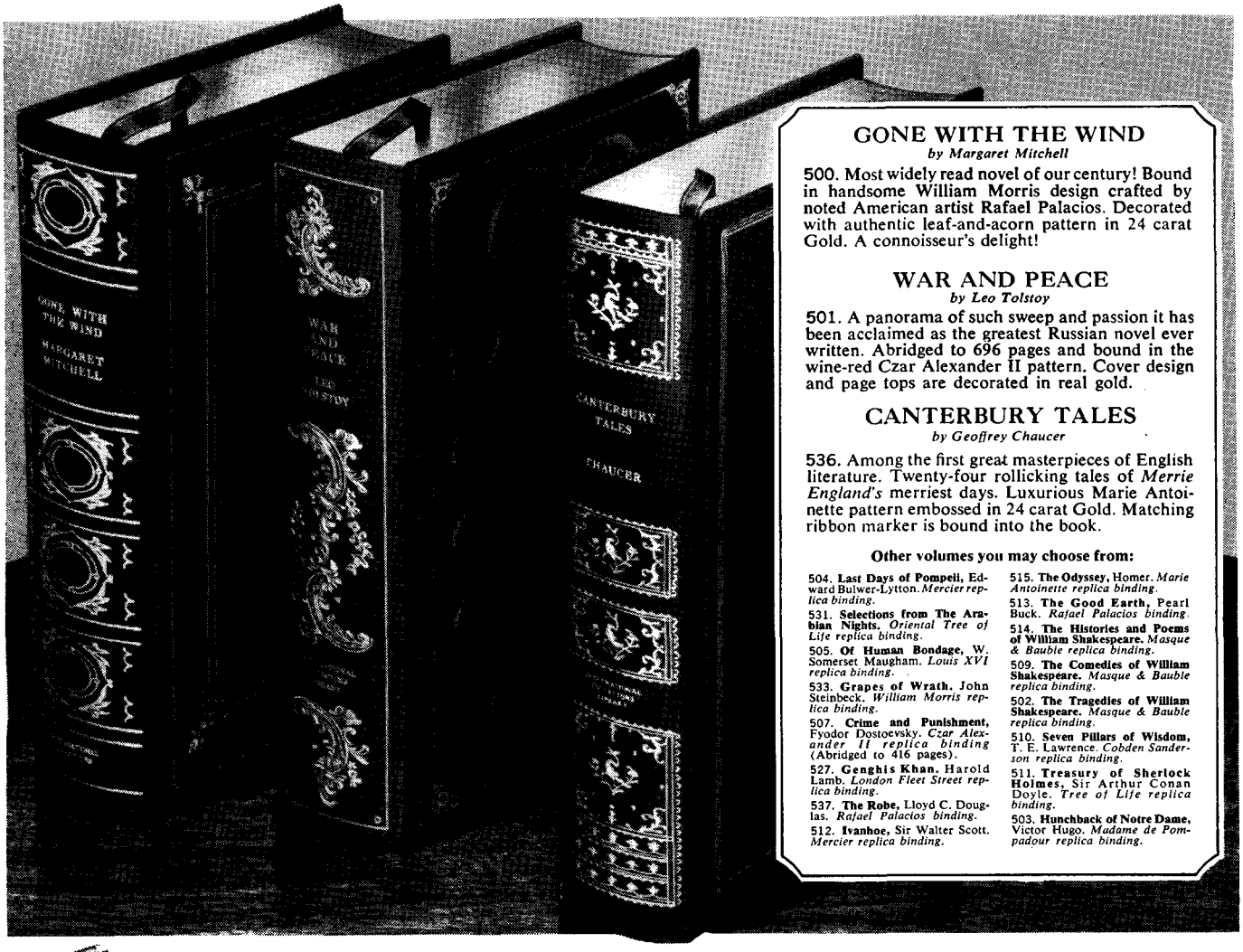

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ties for excessive planting. His announcement was a masterpiece of diplomacy. It put the government on record as favoring increased wheat production, but it warned the farmer it would not bail him out, should the demand for wheat a year hence be less buoyant than it looks right now. For while he conceded that increased production was "desirable" and the need for adequate stocks was "pressing," the Secretary emphasized that his action did ". . . not constitute a request for additional production . . ."

In keeping with this approach Freeman did not increase the number of bushels on which farmers are entitled to the special subsidy that comes to them via marketing certificates and is worth $1.32 a bushel this year. Any additional output is to be sold at whatever the market will offer in a year's time, or else is to be turned over to the government at the low support price of $1.25 a bushel. A year ahead of harvest time the Secretary is saying, in effect: "Don't come running to me, use your own judgment."

The trouble is that things go wrong in agriculture precisely because the individual grower's judgment of next year's conditions is likely to be poorer than the government's, and his opportunities of improving conditions by influencing the market are nil. Since the government is now the biggest single purveyor of wheat—by way of Food for Peace—and thus is in a position to make or break the market, it seems hardly fair to encourage production by a bullish preview of the future and at the same time disclaim responsibility for the consequences of such a view being acted upon.

If we have indeed entered a period of sustained large-scale government food purchases, then contracting for them in advance, as the government would for steel or lumber, would seem less distasteful than the current resort to a gamble in which only one side can lose.

Congress Flunks

The situation of the National Teacher Corps—recently described by President Johnson as "the first thing" Congress could support in order to improve conditions in the big city slums "that need help so much"—might best be described in the words of the old hymn: "Throw out the life-line, someone is sinking today." The Corps consists of thirteen hundred recent college graduates and three hundred experienced teachers who have been specially trained over the summer to work this fall in slum schools. Its members not only have special training, but are said to be "highly motivated." At the moment, however, not a dime of Federal money has been appropriated to place them in the schools that need their help, and already more than ten per cent have found other jobs.

The latest excuse for inaction on Capitol Hill is the broken left wrist of Senator Lister Hill (D., Alabama), chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee. Since he broke the bone in question early in August and hasn't been able to hold any subcommittee meetings since June, when the House eliminated all funds for the Corps for fiscal 1967, the excuse seems a bit flimsy.

When President Johnson first espoused the Corps in a speech to the National Education Association on July 2, 1965, he envisioned a group of four thousand trainees. The idea was that they would be sent out in teams of four and five recent college graduates led by an experienced teacher to apply their combined skills among disadvantaged children. The Federal government was to pay ninety per cent of the salaries, pegged to local levels, with the school districts making up the rest. Congress cut the original request from the U.S. Office of Education for $30 million to launch the Corps down to $9.5 million. But having underwritten the project for fiscal 1966, even on this reduced scale, no one suspected that Congress would fail to supply the $13.5 million needed to start paying the teachers' salaries in September. Even though Southerners and some Republicans have objected to the Corps on the ground that it is just another Federal incursion into local school systems, their opposition has been largely symbolic. Their real concern—with the administration's desegregation policies—is not at stake, since only

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RANDOM HOUSE

schools that request teachers from the Corps would get them anyway. Moreover, demand far exceeds supply: the first sixteen hundred trainees were allocated long ago, with the largest group, three hundred, scheduled to go to Chicago.

"Sooner or later" Hill's subcommittee will appropriate the $13.5 million, according to Wilbur Cohen, Undersecretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Meanwhile, schools are opening all over the country, and the tedious process of legislating funds for the Corps could run well into October—or even longer if the Senator's wrist is still giving him trouble. By then, the sixteen hundred trainees will have long been scattered, $9.5 million will have been wasted, and even this modest start on a key problem will have been delayed a full year.

Beating The Machine

The suggestion of the Budget Bureau that twenty other Federal agencies join with it in pooling information about private citizens and storing it all in a huge computerized National Data Center has understandably provoked cries of alarm from defenders of individual privacy. The witnesses at a Congressional hearing who called the proposed dossier bank a "monster" that would perpetuate the record of every juvenile misdemeanor and make no allowance for change or "the Christian notion of the possibility of redemption" have made their points well.

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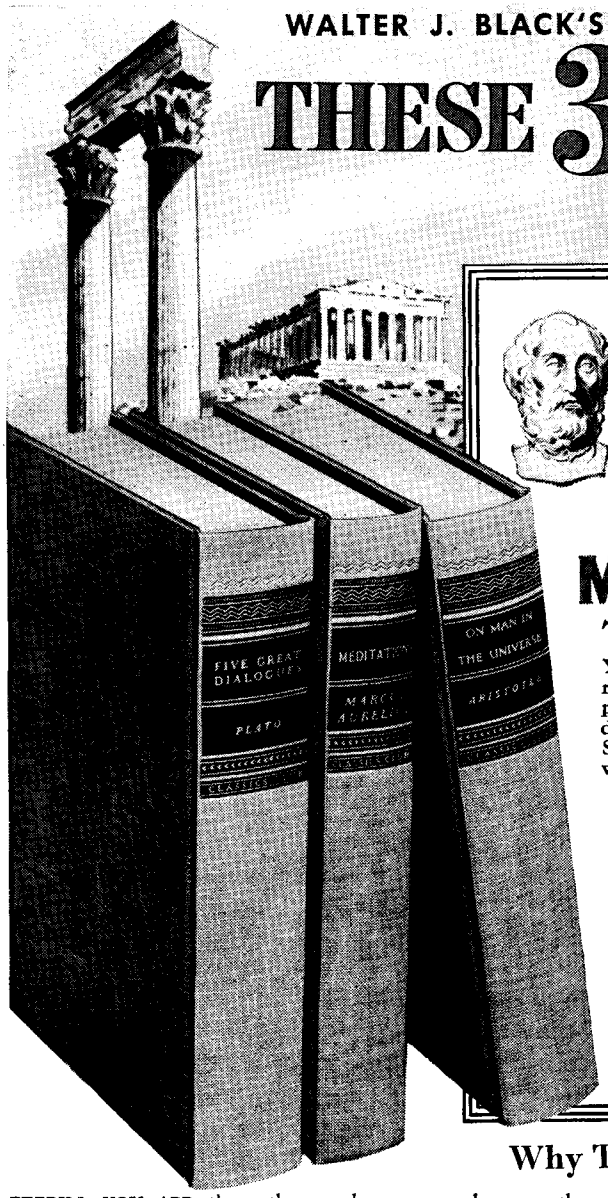

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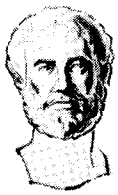

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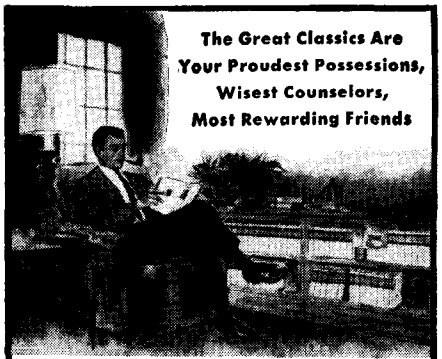

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The Prodigal Nation

During the last two years, Lyndon Johnson's vast area of consensus has been battered by an assortment of extremisms and immoderations, frequently antagonistic to each other and far more turbulent than that casual prophet, Barry Goldwater, could ever have foreseen. The marching and yelling of fairly large groups of men and women clamoring for Stop the War Now, Integration Now, Segregation (imposed or self-willed) Now—these recurrent turmoils seem to have become a regular feature of American life, unfailingly transmitted to the whole world by TV and newspapers.

The coming elections will once more give the stage back to the overwhelming majority of citizens, whose concern with politics is at best occasional. Soon after, we will again hear the chatter on the revolution expected or wished for somewhere anywhere. If a man is not a revolutionary in his own country, he is sympathetic to revolution in another. Ideology may be dead, but its offspring are thriving. The President himself, with his constant advocacy of reforms molded on the Great Society for the benefit of Vietnam and other countries, is urging revolutions of the bloodless and civilizing sort abroad.

If the notion of revolution has undergone a radical mutation as a result of its promiscuous adoption, even worse has been the case with other notions, like national power, and alliances, and peace. No wonder we fall out so easily with each other, particularly when we debate on the potentialities and limits of our nation's power. What happened to this country has no precedent in the history of others that acquired paramountcy in previous centuries. Never before has a representative democracy stumbled into world primacy and faced tyrannical empires deliberately aiming at the subjugation of the world.

In the two Communist empires there are puzzling shifts going on. Both systems are unchanged and unchangeable in the ceaseless exploitation of their own people and in the urge to find permanency by further expanding their sway. This should mean that one of them would not mind subjugating the other, and certainly the old alleged dilemma—Red or dead—has acquired a new twist. It used to scare the softheaded of the non-Communist world, but now the western intellectuals most easily cowed have been given the option of two radically different shades of Red.

The new polycentrism may either turn out to be Communism's most grasping, tentacular approach to the rest of the world, or the major evidence that the unworkable Communist system has entered the phase of its liquidation. As it happens, we Americans don't have to await the outcome, twiddling our thumbs or following that twiddling-of-the-thumbs policy called containment. The outcome depends more on the Americans than on the Communists—and this is one of the reasons why we are in Vietnam.

At the present stage of history, the best this nation can do is to intervene in those spots where the Communists use or threaten force to bring about changes in their favor. We strive to redress the balance and bring it back to the previous evenness, no matter how loathsome that evenness may have been to us. Very good reasons could be advanced for forcing Ho Chi Minh's armies and machinery of subversion out of Vietnam, South and North, considering that the North Vietnamese Communist régime was established by sheer force and like every victorious Communism never dared to ask for the consent of the people. But the liberation of North Vietnam and the holding of elections there as well as in the South would be at the price of a larger war with China and possibly the Soviet Union—a war that would be paid for at an atrocious price by our own people as well as the people of China and of Russia.

This the President knows, as he must know the motives of many of those who march and orate against the participation of our soldiers in the South Vietnamese conflict. There are a number of Americans who seem indifferent to the illegitimate expansion southward of an already illegitimate régime. But the President is bound to draw a line between the use of force the Communists made at the end of the French war in Indochina and the one they have been making in more recent years, particularly since the American troops got there. There is not much glory or prestige to be gained by the

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valor of our soldiers, fighting to re-establish an odious status quo, just as was the case in Korea. Yet a line had to be drawn on both occasions.

For having stood firm in South Vietnam, the President has become the object of world obloquy as a wanton aggressor. He has even been called an empire builder, as if Vietnam were the proper place to start. Some of our politicians and public philosophers use more delicate expressions: they say that the President uses American troops as policemen wherever a major breach in the status quo occurs. And so he does, and he is right. Polycentrism has not stopped such breaches by an enemy ever ready to grab other people's land; neither has it provided us any reason to avoid giving the aggressor a lesson. "But why harp on this revengeful note?" our professionals of public wisdom keep saying. "Why not get reconciled to the idea that Communist enmity is just a myth, and that the cold war is over?"

UNFORTUNATELY, what people call the cold war is *not* over; neither is Communist enmity toward us. What keeps it from bursting out are not the sweet words of those who call it a myth. Rather, it is something few like to admit, of which the beginning can be traced to the end of the war, and which has shown its full potency since America and the Soviet Union have acquired what are overabundant atomic arsenals. World politics has gone underground.

International conferences and alliances—military or otherwise—continue as usual, and so do the spastic ratiocinations of the unpossessed liberal intellectuals. But the real thing proceeds unheralded and unpublicized. It corrodes national boundaries; it is registered in the domestic and foreign policies of countries of any significance. The contact between the two superpowers is maintained by ceremonials and by the exchange of symbolic gestures. Crises over Berlin come and go; one side, usually ours, is ready to give in, and then somehow the excitement quiets down, at least for a while. The underground has deep, tortuous, world-girdling channels, usually well below the surface. At present, a fuze is burning in Saigon, but nobody knows where the charge lies.

Americans have come a long way from the Wilsonian formula of open alliances. NATO still exists, but the most solid bond we have is with the Asian countries which are thoroughly dependent on the success of our armies in Vietnam. Richard Nixon and some of his fellow Republicans have found the surest way to ruin the unspoken alliance: make it public, see that our government is present, and a flood of platitudes will bury the truth forever.

The era of underground world politics does not mean a permanent stalemate. A fantastically risky series of tests between the two sides has been going on for years, a sort of trans-Curtain war games, where success goes to the side that has shown the greater physical courage and moral stamina. That was the case with the second confrontation over Cuba, but only to a point, for in the clinch the U.N. stood in the way of an international inspection of Cuban missile sites. Another instance lately—perhaps the largest and most brutal of the war-games series—goes on in Vietnam, with enough bloody horror to convey some notion of the real thing, yet immensely removed from it.

There as in Korea, American soldiers are fighting an enemy by proxy. The President has asked the North Vietnamese government over and over again to stop the whole thing, not to send its captive soldiers to liberate their countrymen who are not yet captive. He has sent around or listened to the most improbable emissaries. He has kept suggesting a conference table, knowing full well that the Communists are accustomed to using a peace table as a soapbox. He has had no answer. As to those Americans who tell the enemy to ignore the President and to go on fighting American soldiers, the least said the better.

NO OTHER NATION could possibly have boldly carried on such dual tasks: fighting the war in Vietnam, and the war on poverty at home. Both undertakings are messy, and inevitably misinterpreted by malevolent people, no matter whether foreign or American. But the President is profoundly right in not sacrificing one effort for the sake of speedier success in the other. The South Vietnamese are a sample of the world's unlucky whom destiny has temporarily made our charges. No sane person could wish to have a kept nation forever dependent upon us, any more than a hereditary caste of kept poor within our own borders. Chance synchronized the double undertaking.

The similarity between the two efforts by our government must not be drawn to the point of absurdity. We know too little how the Great Society can be brought about, or even precisely what it could mean to afford dreaming about the extension of its basic features of relief and education to the whole world. Moreover, even if we had the complete blueprint, we don't have the means.

Ours is the prodigal nation. No other ever had so much to give—and much more than in terms of assistance. No other has ever undertaken two such gigantic jobs that should not be cheapened by calling them revolutions. The harassed people under Communist rule could not even conceive of a concomitant effort aimed at giving them what, in their misery, they call "liberalization" at home, while fighting to give a chance for self-government to human beings in a faraway land. It is not in the nature of our country to brag about all this, any more than to endlessly congratulate our extremists for the use they make of our freedom. There are, and will long remain, people at home and abroad stubborn in not recognizing what this country is doing. About those people, the only thing that can be said is that one should feel sorry for them.

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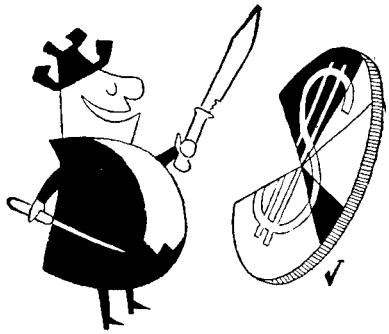

An Open Door to Inflation?

A. H. RASKIN

POLICIES UNENFORCED, decisions unmade, and choices dodged have put in jeopardy the gains brought about under the "new economics" in the last five years. During that time an adroit White House blend of tax and budget policy, control of credit and interest rates, and pressure on management and labor to practice voluntary restraint in their wage-price decisions produced a record of economic expansion without inflation unmatched in any western country. With the "new economics" a casualty of election-year politics, wages and prices are back in an inflationary spiral more serious than any since John F. Kennedy entered the White House.

The splintering of the Presidential guideposts in the airline strike, the refusal of the major steel producers even to consult with the Johnson administration before boosting prices, the raising of charges for bank loans to the highest levels in four decades, and the astronomic first-half profits of most big corporations are symptoms that the economy is turning into a gigantic grab bag. Most disturbing of all, these sharp upward pushes on the cost side are paralleled by a sustained drop in Wall Street and other worrisome signs that much of the vigor is draining out of the long boom.

The question that went unanswered throughout this period was whether the administration could tranquilize an overheated economy as deftly as it had invigorated a stagnant one; whether it could keep prices steady against the mounting pressure of all the classic harbingers of inflation—high demand, strained plant capacity, and a tight labor supply.

Unfortunately, the question remains unanswered. When the pinch began tightening early this year, no one in the White House or Congress had much appetite for resorting to a general tax increase to tamp down demand and keep the economy in balance.

That disagreeable job was thrust almost entirely on the Federal Reserve Board and the rest of the country's money managers. Money restraints, the oldest of restrictive devices and the one least reflective of the Kennedy-Johnson approach to economic regulation, became the order of the day. The assignment to the Fed has proved well-nigh hopeless in a period when growing commitments in Vietnam and down payments on the Great Society are being superimposed on civilian demand and increasingly full employment of the nation's manpower and material.

This overreliance on measures that dry up the supply of ready money is not only a negation of the precepts of the "new economics" but it is also something of an anomaly in a period when the party historically identified with easy money and plentiful credit controls both the White House and Capitol Hill. Now even corporate giants, with annual incomes bigger than those of half the world's governments, are obliged to pay an effective rate of seven per cent in interest and charges to finance the modernization and expansion programs for which the administration continues to offer a tax-credit lure of seven per cent. In effect, what this means is that the government with one hand continues to bribe industry to invest more in new plants, while with the other it seeks to discourage such investment sprees by imposing tight-money policies.

THE BIG BATTLE over whether to raise taxes was fought and lost early this year. The best indications are that the Council of Economic Advisers, under the chairmanship of Gardner Ackley, argued for higher taxes with considerable support from Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, who felt a tax increase would have the double virtue of meeting the cost of buildup in Vietnam and of reminding the country that it was in a war. Secretary of the Treasury

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Henry Fowler led the forces opposed to raising taxes or even to asking Congress for standby authority to put taxes up or down whenever a turn in the economy seemed imminent.

The proximity of Congressional elections made Fowler's job relatively easy, and it is now clear that higher taxes are definitely out of the question until after November. Furthermore, the gathering indications of economic soft spots—a slowdown in the rate of industrial growth, the continued slack in auto sales, and a sharp downturn in homebuilding—make it doubtful that higher taxes could now be authorized in any case without a jolt so severe that it would tip the economy into a full-fledged slump.

This watershed in the over-all economy has coincided with the end of the consensus of management and labor support on which the President had relied thus far to hold the wage-price line. The White House handling of the airlines strike effectively destroyed the anti-inflation guideposts, and other unions and industries can now be expected to take full advantage of their demise.

A Long Erosion

The guideposts were, of course, crumbling long before the airlines dispute ever got to the White House. They were built on the thoroughly sound principle that a stable national price level could best be maintained by gearing total wage increases to the aggregate increases in the long-term productivity of American industry.

As formulated originally by President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers in 1962, these standards were intended to allow plenty of flexibility for distinctive conditions in each industry. Employers with low wage scales and labor shortages were advised to exceed the productivity measuring rod; those with an abundant labor supply and high scales were urged to do the opposite. Price cuts in industries with above-average efficiency were supposed to balance out price increases in those with a profit squeeze.

Probably it was unrealistic to suppose that the net result of 150,000 separate wage bargains affecting every variety of worker from oyster shuckers to locomotive engineers could ever average out at a neat 3.2 per cent a year, in line with the economy-wide growth of productivity. But whatever stretch there was in the system disappeared when President Kennedy faced down the steel industry on prices in April, 1962. Thereafter the need for demonstrating that the White House could be as tough on labor as it had been on management converted the 3.2 per cent standard into precisely

the kind of straitjacket the Presidential advisers had hoped to avoid.

Several other factors had been undercutting the guideposts even before the airlines strike began. One was the extremely high level of settlements in construction, trucking, and other already high-wage industries where powerful unions bargained with relatively small employers. Many of these pacts called for increases double or triple the Federal standard.

There was also the slow rise of prices, for which the productivity formula made no allowance. Even when the increase in living costs was being held to 1.5 per cent a year, it ate up half the purchasing power that was being added to workers' pay checks. This year, when the rate jumped up to 3.5 per cent, it threatened to leave workers with a net loss if their unions signed on the White House line.

Most irksome in labor's book of grievances against the formula was the swift obliteration of the hope that industry could be persuaded to pass part of the benefits of increased productivity on to consumers in the form of lower prices. The result was that profits and executive salaries in most industries kept breaking records without any attempt at limitation by Washington.

WHEN negotiations covering thirty-five thousand airline mechanics came to a dead end last April, it was obvious that the guideposts could not be maintained much longer. President Johnson appointed an emergency board under the Railway Labor Act, with Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon as chairman. It was a logical enough appointment, since Morse had been head of the old War Labor Board and a Kennedy-appointed fact-finder in an East Coast dock strike four years ago. But the President also saw the designation as a chance to persuade Morse that they could still be friends despite the vehemence of the Senator's dissent from administration policy on Vietnam. By way of building up the prestige of the emergency board and of Morse's status as chairman, Johnson prevailed upon Professor Richard E. Neustadt of Harvard, an old Kennedy associate, and David Ginsburg, one of the capital's most prominent lawyers, to serve on the panel.

Morse promptly announced that the board would pay no attention to the guideposts. Instead, it held hearings and handed down recommendations intended to take into account "the public interest in the maintenance of a stable economy as well as increases in living costs and all other relevant factors, including comparative wages, competitive conditions, labor shortages, ability to pay, job content, and overall and specific increases in productivity."

The report, which was issued on June 5—a month before the strike began—proposed that the pay rate for top-rated mechanics go from $3.52 an hour to $4 by the middle of 1969, with a wage reopening if prices went up at a faster rate next year. The total benefits came to 3.5 per cent a year, and Johnson quickly acclaimed them as the embodiment of "the highest order of judgment, imagination, and wisdom." Both then and during the strike the President urged the airlines and the union leadership to stand behind the report.

Meanwhile, cabinet-level mediators were busily engaged in trying to keep P. L. Siemiller, president of the International Association of Machinists, and other union leaders from undercutting the President's stand. They were aware that the union was under raid by Jimmy Hoffa's freewheeling Teamsters Union and that its leaders were also looking over their shoulders at gains

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they believed the Transport Workers Union, still ruled by the ghost of Michael J. Quill, might win in negotiations covering mechanics at American Airlines.

The administration representatives privately tried to emphasize to Siemiller that the Machinists had scored a breakthrough in the fight of all organized labor to crack the 3.2 per cent mold. But the union was unimpressed. It insisted that the Morse report did not even provide a basis for discussion. The White House, fearing a major breach in the whole stabilization structure, again privately urged the airlines to stand firm. On July 8, with negotiations at an impasse, the strike went into effect.

Flying Blind

Since the airlines depend on the government for rates, routes, airports, pilots' licenses, safety rules, and most other aspects of operation, their independent leverage was not impressive at any stage of the dispute. It was made even less so by their extraordinarily high profits. They decided right away that the only sound course for them was to conform as closely as possible to the President's evaluation of what would constitute an accord "in the national interest."

As one week succeeded another without movement toward an accord, pressure for a back-to-work law built up on Capitol Hill. Several Senators pushed for compulsory arbitration, but Morse put forward a bill that initially had considerable appeal to the administration's labor experts. It proposed a new cooling-off period of 180 days, during which the planes would fly and a special board would try to resolve the dispute.

The chief virtue of this proposal was that it would buy time until after the election and thus get everybody off the hook until a settlement could be arranged that would save the President's face, appease the union, and still leave the main framework of the anti-inflation program intact.

On July 22, the day before the initial Senate hearing on the Morse bill, George Meany emphasized that the AFL-CIO was vehemently opposed to any back-to-work law. That was followed by an elaborately worded plea by Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz urging Congress to give collective bargaining another chance. Although the Senators didn't think much of that idea as a substitute for legislation, the President took the initiative and on July 29 called the union and the carriers to the White House and told them to reason together: what he wanted above all was a settlement.

The airlines took his meaning, and by nightfall the President was able to go on television and announce a "noninflationary" agreement. It turned out that the price came to 4.3 per cent. It also turned out that the rank and file didn't want it and wouldn't take it. Local executive boards all over the country repudiated their leaders and recommended rejection. The final vote on July 31 was three to one against the Johnson-endorsed pact. Two days later Inland Steel raised its prices.

After this fiasco the administration and Congress were both confronted with the sticky question of proposing a law to end the tie-up. When it finally became clear that neither of them wanted to accept the onus for ordering the strikers back to work, Secretary Wirtz and Assistant Secretary James J. Reynolds succeeded in bringing the airlines and the union leadership to an agreement that pushed the offer up to five per cent. The pact, which was announced in mid-August, also provided an escalator clause to protect the workers against loss of purchasing power if prices should go up in the third year.

Siemiller sent a jubilant letter to all the strikers, in which he boasted that the accord "destroys all existing wage and price guidelines now in existence; in fact, it completely shatters them for all unions." Then, by way of rubbing it in, the union president underscored the significance of the cost-of-living escalator. He recalled that the President had used his only veto of the 1966 Congressional session to kill a public bill designed to incorporate an escalator provision into truck-hire postal contracts. Mr. Johnson feared the clause would "contribute to a wage-price spiral, with its disastrous impact on our economy"; but Siemiller left that out of his message.

The administration avoided saying anything on its own until after the pact had been approved by a 2-to-1 vote. Then Chairman Ackley of the CEA put out a statement that deplored the pay increases as excessive but not so great that they would interfere with further reductions in airlines fares. That was the start of a torrent of data from White House sources, intended to make it appear that the administration had really fought hard for its anti-inflation program and had barely succeeded in restraining the carriers from giving away everything but their airplanes. Company officials, unwilling to quarrel with the White House now that the union fight was over, remained mute.

What Now?

The clearest result of the whole episode is the apparent paralysis of the President's once formidable powers as an economic persuader. Not only did his endorsement of the 4.3 per cent settlement boomerang with the airlines strikers; it provided the ideal pretext for the steel industry to announce increases of $3 a ton in the price of sheet steel.

The effect of the rise on the total steel price list was less significant than that the leader in the price parade was Inland Steel, which had played a key role in helping Kennedy turn back the 1962 upsweep. Bethlehem was the only company that bothered to respond to a White House plea not to join this year's movement without talking things over first. The talk didn't deter it a bit. All the companies were clearly convinced that, as a partner in the destruction of his own wage guideposts, the President could not pillory them for pushing up prices.

The first translation of the upward

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wage push into another key industry has come in the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. As another regulated utility, the Bell System is even more eager than the airlines to keep in line with stabilization policies, provided it can figure out what they are. Until now its affiliated companies have been making wage offers that hovered around the 3.2 per cent magic number.

A 7-to-1 strike vote has been taken by twenty-three thousand unionized workers in the installation division of Western Electric as a token of their resolve to "break the shackle to the decimal point" for all 375,000 A.T.&T. employees. The extent of automation and the relatively high ratio of non-union supervisors in most branches of the telephone company make most of its operations strikeproof. But the installers still have substantial economic muscle because their work of setting up switchboards and exchanges cannot be done by machines. The first fruit of their militancy was a new offer that the company estimated at 3.9 per cent, made a week after the airlines pact. The union said it was not enough.

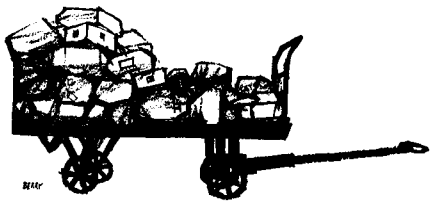
Another company with a problem is General Electric, the country's biggest electrical manufacturer. For more than a decade it has been able to maintain the upper hand in bargaining by dangling before its union employees wage packages so enticing that they insisted on taking them even when the union leaders wanted to say no. This year the company is doubly eager to keep the initiative at the negotiating table because it is up against a coalition of eight unions.

The dilemma for G.E. is whether it should build its basic pay offer around the now discarded guideposts or recognize that the threshold of union expectation has been pushed much higher. The company will have to swallow a lot of its own economic preachments if it goes above 3.2 per cent, but the airlines settlement has made it virtually certain G.E. will be asking for trouble from the union alliance if it clings to the guideposts—which it used to insist were sound in principle but too high.

The Big Three auto companies, whose contracts still have a year to run, are bracing themselves for quickie strikes and other harassments in the wake of their rejection of a bid by Walter P. Reuther's United Automobile Workers for pay increases of at least fifty cents an hour to 125,000 skilled workers. If they find they have to give in on this issue, they will face comparable union pressure in behalf of their six hundred thousand unskilled and semiskilled workers.

The list is endless. Cities, hard pressed to find funds for schools, urban renewal, and starved municipal services, will find the strike weapon being used with increasing frequency to get wage increases of five per cent and higher. Nurses and other hospital employees are ignoring no-strike laws; doctors have gone on strike for higher pay in New York.

After five years in which the general level of wage increases has barely kept pace with higher productivity, labor has decided this is



the year to go for broke. And now there is no figure that represents any kind of touchstone for wage-price stability.

As if all this were not mischief enough, the airlines strike has spawned another troublesome inflation feeder by launching, with government approval, a renewed vogue for cost-of-living escalator clauses. Until 1959 such clauses gave four million workers an automatic increase in pay whenever living costs went up. Now the number is down to two million, with more than half of them in the UAW. The seeming equity of the escalator arrangement disguised the fact that in operation the clauses tended to stoke the inflationary fires instead of putting them out. It was this attribute that President Johnson hit at in his veto of the postal-truck bill.

"The resulting automatic and often unjustified wage increases would fuel the fires of inflation," the President said in his veto message. "Thus, we would be caught in an endless chain—a chain that would imprison the wage-earner behind the bars of inflation. I do not intend to let that happen."

Yet it was the omission of an escalator clause from the Morse report and the first White House settlement that most union leaders consider a principal factor in their rejection. White House sources say Siemiller himself chose to sacrifice the escalator for a slightly larger cash pay increase on the abortive first contract. The members would not accept it.

How substantial the escalator gains can become over the years can be seen from the experience at General Motors since the first such clause was inserted into its union agreements in 1948. Matching upward price movements has added seventy-nine cents an hour to the pay of the average G.M. worker in that eighteen-year period, or roughly one-quarter of his basic hourly earnings. For a fully employed production employee, the total in cost-of-living adjustments since the program started would come to $15,000 in extra straight-time pay. Last month another quarterly adjustment of two cents an hour was made, bringing the total since the present contract was signed in 1964 to thirteen cents.

Obviously, the right way to control the risks of the cost-of-living clause is the same required to prevent the erosion of the dollar—a workable stabilization plan. But Washington has yet to show that it is able and ready to initiate any program that goes beyond the endless reiteration of pieties about the need for voluntary restraint. Now, however, there is precious little hope of such restraint. The unions still put all the blame for inflation on runaway profits, while industry points to labor costs as the culprit. The common cry has become, "Look what the other guy is getting away with"—the most comfortable of all rationalizations for another round of inflation.

The plain truth is that the time for a tax increase having slipped away unused, no one in authority even pretends to know what to do.

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The House, the Home, And Title IV

JOHN BERRY and MARY CLAY

FOR MONTHS this spring and summer, the House of Representatives chopped, whittled, and pasted its way through the 1966 civil-rights bill. It emerged in August with twenty-six amendments in a form that pleased almost no one. The cause of the doubts and indecisions behind this patchwork was not hard to find: Congress was clearly reluctant to tell homeowners and landlords that property offered for sale or rental must be available to Negro and white alike.

Most titles of the bill have nothing whatever to do with housing. They deal with discrimination in the selection of juries, with violence against civil-rights workers, and with school desegregation, and are mainly directed at conditions in the South. Title IV, however, is something new. It would directly affect not only the white suburbs that ring the cities, North and South, but also, and most acutely, the urban white neighborhoods where the prospect of a Negro moving in next door is not a remote possibility but a daily dread.

Urged on by the National Association of Real Estate Boards in a massive propaganda campaign, constituents made their feelings plain to their Representatives. The message was driven home by other soundings, such as a poll conducted in the late spring by a freshman Democrat from California, John V. Tunney, Jr., which indicated that he couldn't be re-elected if he voted for a stiff national fair housing law. Among the civil-rights groups, only the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People actively lobbied for Title IV, while two of its militant rivals denounced the bill as a sham.

The discomfiture of those who had to push for the administration's bill gave Southerners some satisfaction. As Senator Samuel J. Ervin, Jr. (D., North Carolina), put it: "My sadness is not quite as deep this time because we now have a civil-rights bill that will have an effect somewhere except on poor sinful Southerners. It will be interesting to see how others act when their ox is being gored." It was the bulk of the House —the moderates—who had to make the hard choices, and from the beginning it was evident that they looked to the Judiciary Committee to take them off the hook.

Emanuel Celler, the seventy-eight-year-old Brooklyn Democrat who is chairman of the Judiciary Committee and a sponsor of the bill, opened hearings on May 4 with a quotation from Victor Hugo: "When the time

for an idea has come, nothing can stop it." He vowed to "uphold Title IV to the death."

Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, the first witness, and Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Robert C. Weaver presented eloquent arguments for the bill. Katzenbach dealt with it in its entirety; Weaver spoke specifically about Title IV. "The existence of the racial ghetto is the most serious problem affecting our large cities," Weaver told the Congressmen. He did not claim that even in the sweeping original version Title IV would eliminate the problem. But without it, he argued, the programs of education and work training designed to give an individual the means to escape from the slums would fail. The Negro could not leave for the simple reason that there would be no place for him to go.

Mrs. Murphy Again

On the Federal level, attempts to come to grips with the inequities in housing for minorities began in 1962 with Executive Order No. 11063, issued by President Kennedy. It was followed by Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

The order forbids discrimination in housing owned or financed by the Federal government after the date of the order. It also covers housing built or purchased with FHA or Veterans Administration aid. Title VI of the 1964 act provides that Federal funds for any program or activity can be cut off as a penalty for discrimination. However, according to Weaver, the order and Title VI together cover less than three per cent of the housing units in the country. Weaver called these measures woefully inadequate and estimated that even if they were broadened, only sixty per cent of all housing could be covered, leaving what he felt was a significant escape hatch.

Escape hatches were a matter of particular concern to the men who met on ten May mornings in Room 2141 of the Rayburn Building. William C. Cramer (R., Florida) wanted to know what happened to Mrs. Murphy's boardinghouse, the symbol of his clause in the public-accommodations section of the 1964 Civil Rights Act that excluded from coverage owner-occupied establishments with not more than five rooms for rent. "I would not like Mrs. Murphy to be discriminated against," Weaver replied. "I'd like to have her included among all the others."

It was plain, however, that Mrs. Murphy wasn't the stumbling block. No one really wanted her covered. The "villains," according to Title IV backers, were the tract developers, builders, and real-estate men. One of the latter, a Philadelphia broker named Alan L. Emlen, protested the fair housing section on the classic ground that "a man's home is his castle," and that the right to dispose of property as one wishes is absolute.

When Celler's subcommittee ended

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its hearings, members met in executive session where they discussed everything except fair housing. On June 16, they sent the bill on to the full committee without making any recommendations on Title IV, ostensibly because of Celler's pique at a series of meetings which the Attorney General had been holding with Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. After one such meeting, Dirksen told reporters that he had told Katzenbach, "In my considered and very humble judgment, you cannot sell Title IV to the United States Senate." Celler greeted the report with elaborate indifference. "I do not bow down to the shrine of Mr. Dirksen," he said. "I don't give a tinker's damn what the Senate does."

MINORITY members of the subcommittee had a different version of why Title IV was pushed along without any recommendation: to meet a deadline set by the administration. On June 28 the full committee voted 17 to 15 to keep Title IV intact. At the time, Celler explained that numerous amendments had been defeated, including a substitute for Title IV suggested by Representative Charles McC. Mathias (R., Maryland). No amendment could be offered again that was "substantially the same" as one that had been defeated, he added.

The next day, after Justice Department lobbyists had made their rounds of the proposal's most uncompromising supporters on the committee to point out that holding out for an unmodified Title IV could assure its defeat on the floor of the House, the committee reversed itself with complete aplomb. It voted 21 to 13 to adopt the Mathias substitute. "All good legislation is the result of compromise," Celler blandly observed.

What Mathias intended was this: along with exemptions for housing operated by religious and fraternal groups for their membership and owner-occupied dwellings housing four or fewer families, all persons who had not sold houses more than twice during the previous twelve months were not to be covered. The effect of the amendment was to limit discriminatory activities on the part of builders, developers, and real-estate brokers, but to exempt suburban homeowners.

However, most individuals sell their houses through brokers, and Mathias intended his amendment to allow a real-estate agent to discriminate at the request of an individual owner. Both Celler and McCulloch agreed that this was what the Mathias amendment said.

Most Congressmen were greatly relieved. Since the suburbs would be virtually untouched (Federal housing officials estimated that only twenty-three million of the country's sixty million housing units would be affected), many Representatives could vote for the title without fear of repercussions in November. While the compromise satisfied very few, an embarrassing roll-call vote on fair housing seemed to have been avoided. Or so it looked on June 30 when the members adjourned for a prolonged July 4 recess.

When they returned they discovered that things were not all that certain. On July 14, Chairman Celler published a supplemental view that the Mathias amendment might not allow a real-estate broker to discriminate at the wishes of his client. "The language of the title is not explicit on this point," wrote Celler, "and should be clarified on the floor. . . . "

Pressed for his opinion, Attorney General Katzenbach's elusive "I am prepared to say that the intention of the author is not clear" did not help any more than his assurance that clarification on the floor of the House would be "easy enough to do, just a matter of drafting." That easy enough matter of drafting, however, involved the vote many Congressmen had hoped to avoid.

On July 25, a climactic twelve-day round of confusion began. Celler brought the bill to the floor under the so-called Twenty-one-Day Rule, which allows a committee chairman to bring up a bill without the approval of the Rules Committee. In asking that the rule be upheld, he emphasized that "A vote against this resolution will be tantamount to a vote against the civil-rights bill. Let that sink in to those who have any idea of voting against this rule."

Celler's action to bypass the Rules Committee not surprisingly raised the hackles of its members, especially of its chairman, Howard W. Smith of Virginia, who Celler knew would attempt to bottle up the bill. The aged Judge Smith, who had been defeated in a primary only days before, used his debating time to express, in a soft slurring voice, his distress over the Negro Revolution. He was followed by Minority Leader Gerald R. Ford, an outspoken opponent of Title IV, who rose to protest misuse of the Twenty-one-Day Rule. Celler countercharged that Ford's aim was "to prevent a vote on the civil-rights bill, and the country should know that." A wild melee followed, with Ford on his feet demanding recognition, Celler chanting in an obstinate singsong that he would not yield, and William M. McCulloch of Ohio, the bill's Republican floor manager, waving his arms in an attempt to be recognized. McCulloch wanted to protest the misuse by Celler of time allotted to the Republicans. But he was never recognized and, angered, voted against the motion that he had helped to draft. It carried anyway, 200 to 180, and the bill was taken up by the House.

Homes and Castles

In the ritual wrangle traditional for civil-rights bills that followed, no one ever quite seemed to know what the words they were discussing really meant. The debate went on and on, with few substantial changes being made in the first three titles despite the admonitions of one Southerner who told freshmen Democrats facing re-election, "Kill the bill here and save your political hide back home."

On August 1, two days before the House got down to the crux of the matter—what to do about Title IV—the House Republican Policy Committee issued a statement opposing it. This was not binding on the House's 139 Republicans, but it made Republican civil-rights supporters unhappy.

When Title IV was read for amendments, three major ones were immediately offered. Arch A. Moore, Jr. (R., West Virginia), wanted to strike the entire title. Mathias offered a clarifying amendment, this time specifying the right of real-estate agents to discriminate at the owner's wish; Clark MacGregor (R.,

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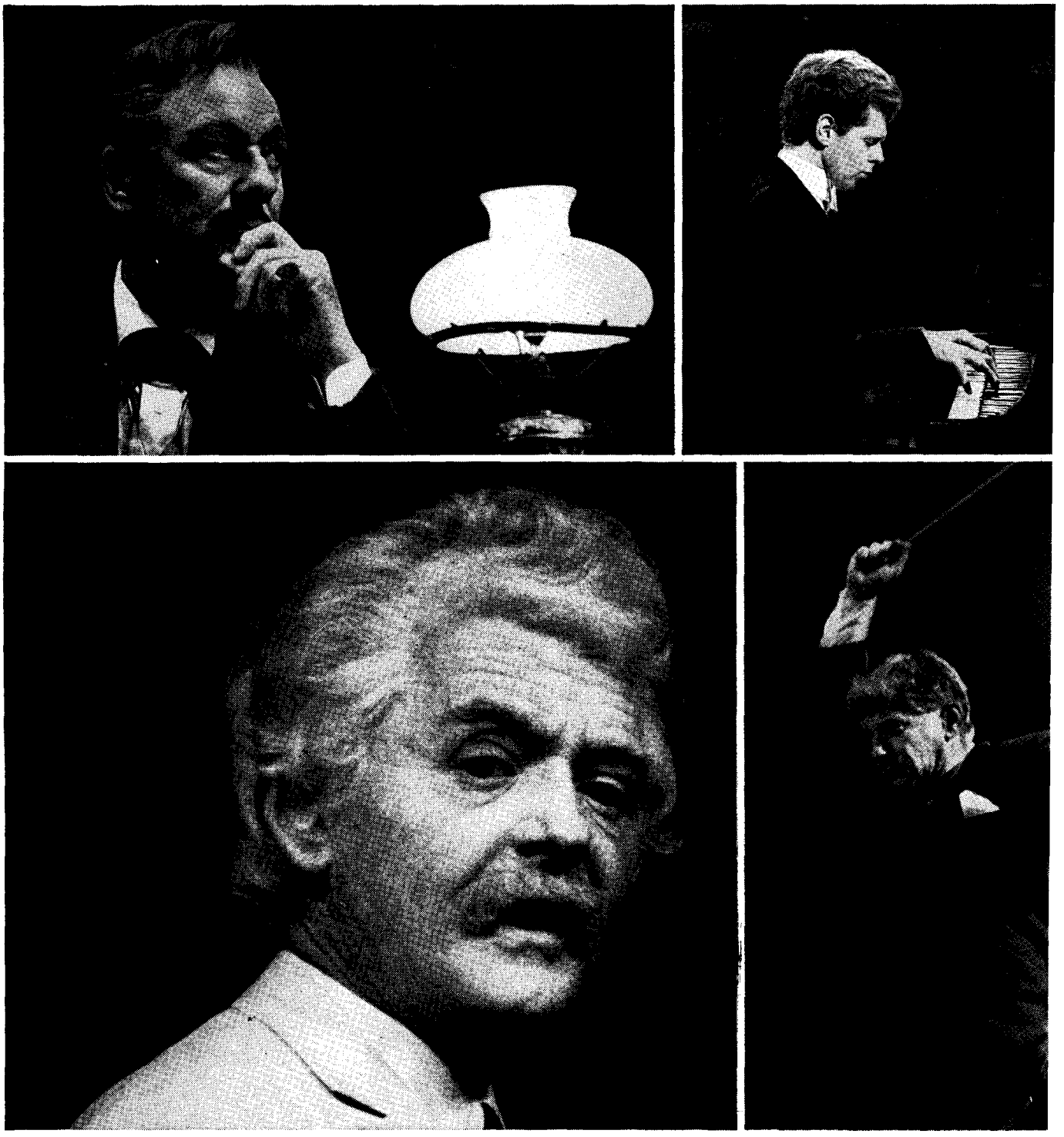
John Gielgud in "Ivanov"; Hal Holbrook in "Mark Twain Tonight"; Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein; Van Cliburn and Andrés Segovia in



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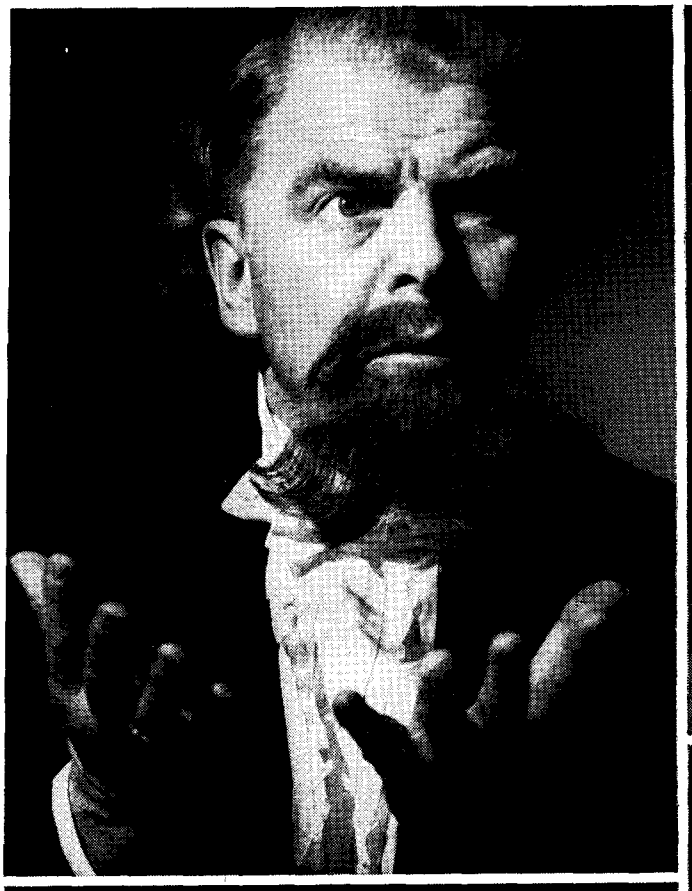

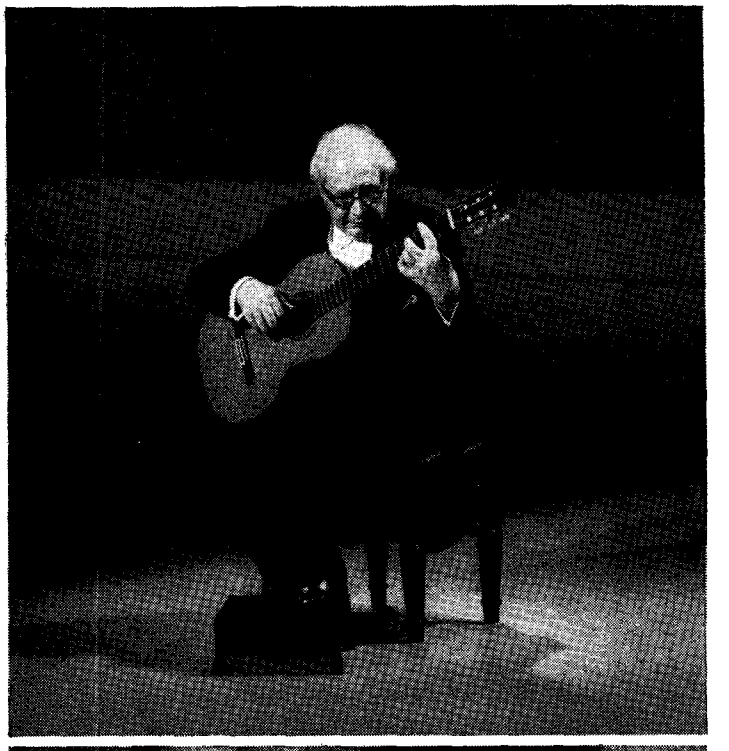

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Minnesota) suggested a substitute that would have covered almost all housing. "A man's home is his castle," said MacGregor, "but when he leaves it and sells it, how can it be contended that in his absence it continues to be his castle?" In reply, the managers of the bill read a statement from Celler, who was ill and absent during most of this stage of the debate, reminding liberals that "the all-or-nothing attitude produces nothing except a slogan."

Two Negro Congressmen, both Democrats from Michigan, took opposing positions that revealed the dilemma of the liberals. John Conyers, Jr., urged support of the MacGregor amendment; Charles C. Diggs, Jr., disagreed. He told the House that if the Mathias amendment didn't carry, Title IV was lost. The House's most prominent Negro, Adam Clayton Powell, was not present during any of the debate or vote.

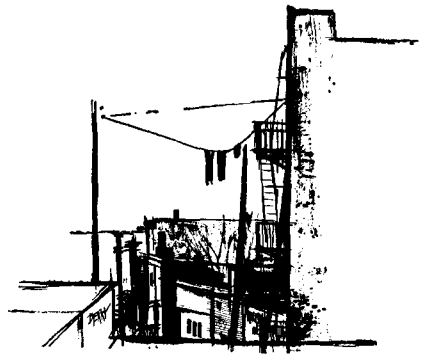
The proceedings were watched by full galleries. In the first vote, the all-out civil-rights supporters on both sides of the aisle who backed MacGregor's amendment were defeated, 186 to 67. The faces of a knot of representatives of the National Association of Real Estate Boards in one gallery relaxed in grins.

The Maneuver That Wasn't

But no one else relaxed. When members stood at their seats and were counted on the Mathias amendment, it was defeated, 150 to 138. Mathias called for tellers. When the Representatives had finished filing up the center aisle to be counted, the vote was 179 to 155 against the amendment. Voting among those 179 were men with entirely incompatible backgrounds and motives: John Conyers, Jr., a Negro, and L. Mendel Rivers, a segregationist; William Fitts Ryan, a New York reform Democrat, and H. R. Gross, a conservative Iowa Republican.

Suddenly, from off the floor, twenty-two Congressmen hurried up the center aisle to vote for the amendment. And then came two more: Donald J. Irwin (D., Connecticut), looking back over his shoulder as if to see whether there was anyone else who could vote instead of him, and Diggs, who had been out in the lounges rounding up votes. Richard Bolling (D., Missouri), who was presiding, announced a 179-179 tie and then cast his vote in favor of the amendment. A sigh of relief and approval went up from the galleries.

What looked like a carefully planned and superbly executed maneuver by the bill's proponents was in fact nothing of the sort. Irwin, the twenty-third man up the aisle, said that it was not planned and



that he had no idea whether there would have been more votes for the amendment had they been necessary. Irwin had opposed the Mathias compromise in a standing vote a few minutes earlier and switched because it was apparent that a defeat of the amendment would mean the defeat of Title IV. The tie vote was cast by Diggs.

Although the truly crucial vote was past, there were repeated attempts by Title IV's opponents to gut it. The final day of the debate on Title IV began with a vote on Moore's proposal to strike the entire section. What Majority Leader Carl B. Albert (D., Oklahoma) called "the climax of a historic debate" culminated in a 198 to 179 vote against deleting the fair housing section.

Late in the afternoon, after the House had rejected several other amendments (bringing the total voted upon to seventy-seven), Celler returned to the floor, receiving a round of applause. As the debate neared its end, one after another of the leaders rose to praise their opponents for their conduct, a formality observed with the utmost care.

The first of two decisive but predictable votes on Title IV was a roll call on Mathias's clarifying amendment. It was accepted by a substantial margin, 237-176, in contrast with the earlier one-vote victory. Despite their policy statement, the Republicans split evenly on the question, 69 and 69. On the other side of the aisle, 168 members voted for it. The Democratic opposition was composed of liberals who demanded all and Southerners who wanted nothing.

Shortly afterward, the House rejected a motion to recommit the bill in a 222-190 roll-call vote. Immediately after that, the whole bill was passed, 259 to 157, allowing all who could draw advantage from the record to claim that they had supported it.

So Title IV survived, after a fashion. No one yet knows precisely what some of its phrases mean. A resolution adopted by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's board of directors said: "This iniquitous vote which effectively sanctioned discrimination in the sale or rental of private housing only adds more fuel to the fires of frustration burning in the hearts of our Negro ghetto dwellers." Other civil-rights leaders were equally skeptical of its value.

On August 10, President Johnson hailed the House bill as a "new milestone" in civil rights. But it is a long way from being that. Having faded, like the Cheshire Cat, to a grin of good intention, it may vanish altogether in the Senate, which will open debate on it September 6.

There, open housing faces the formidable opposition of Minority Leader Dirksen. "Once in position," Majority Leader Mike Mansfield commented bitterly, "he has proved time and again that he is immovable." And Dirksen's position is that Title IV is unconstitutional, even as watered down by the House.

Without his help, the administration will probably not be able to round up the necessary two-thirds vote for cloture to stop the usual anti-civil-rights filibuster. The price of winning Dirksen over, if it could be found, would be large. Moreover, a third of the Senators face reelection, and no one is eager to sit in Washington stewing over an unpopular piece of civil-rights legislation when he could be at home campaigning. Title IV still has a long road ahead of it.

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Teddy and Eddie Revisited

MARTIN F. NOLAN

BOSTON

THIS YEAR marks the first election in ten years in which a Kennedy will not be on the Massachusetts ballot. In a state where the name had achieved talismanic powers, its absence carries profound implications for that group of nomadic tribes known as the Massachusetts Democratic Party. Voters this year will elect a successor to retiring Republican Senator Leverett Saltonstall and will also choose the first governor in Massachusetts history to serve a four-year term, plus five other statewide officeholders. Party reform and responsibility has long been regarded as the major issue for Massachusetts Democrats, and some optimists hoped that 1966, so critical a year for the state party's fortunes, would provide the impetus. The Democrats need unity to assert their majority in registered voters and to replace Republicans in the Senate seat, the governor's chair, and the offices of the lieutenant governor and attorney general. However, prospects for peace seem distant as the party prepares for its September 13 primary, a contest filled with all the vengeful jealousies and savage *ad hominems* of issue-disoriented campaigns in the past.

THE CENTRAL FACT of Massachusetts's political summer has been the neutrality of Edward M. Kennedy, the state's junior Senator. His failure to anoint candidates for governor and Senator has not prevented the gubernatorial contest from becoming another episode in the dynastic struggle between the Kennedys and the McCormacks. Of all the candidates linked to the Kennedys who are running for office throughout the country, Kenneth P. O'Donnell has the most authentic credentials. Former campaign co-ordinator and later appointments secretary to the late President, he was truly one of the New Frontier's foremost political craftsmen. O'Donnell's campaign for governor has stressed his White House affiliations, and he received warm praise from Robert F. Kennedy in the New York Senator's first political appearance in Boston since forsaking Massachusetts.

Nevertheless, this supply of the mystique of political association does not include the good wishes of Edward Kennedy. O'Donnell is best remembered by Teddy's friends as President Kennedy's "no man," the chief source of White House opposition (based on the possible consequences of the "dynasty issue" in the 1964 Presidential election) to Teddy's race for the Senate in 1962. While O'Donnell has had help from many of John Kennedy's friends, the friction between "Teddy's people" and his own is one reason why his candidacy has been unable to get off the ground.

O'Donnell's opponent for the gubernatorial nomination is Edward J. McCormack, nephew of the House Speaker and former state attorney general, whose identification as a McCormack candidate is considerably more secure than O'Donnell's as a Kennedy candidate. In Massachusetts, such identification seems crucial. As a Democratic Congressman explained, "Look, if I can't get Coca-Cola, what do I get? Pepsi-Cola, of course. If in Massachusetts you can't be with the Kennedys, you're with the McCormacks. That's the way it is." Besides support from many politicians who owe his uncle loyalty, McCormack still enjoys the widespread support of the intellectuals that his record as attorney general—with innovations in civil rights and consumer protection—earned in 1962 when he faced Edward Kennedy in a bitter senatorial primary. McCormack carried most of the professors, the academic precincts of Cambridge, and the town of Amherst. Kennedy carried the rest of the state.

Reverberations from the Teddy-Eddie contest can still be heard in the Massachusetts academic community over the issue of party reform. To the majority today, as in 1962, the issue of "starting at the top" is not only morally repugnant but also an improper way to begin rejuvenation of a political party. They held then that McCormack, a former Boston councilman who shares the background and experience of the average Massachusetts politician, could better aid the cause of party reform than could Kennedy, whose election would allegedly continue the system of personal politics so detrimental to party discipline. A smaller group of professors, including James MacGregor Burns of Williams College, Samuel Beer of Harvard, and Robert C. Wood of M.I.T. (now Under Secretary of Housing and Urban Development), endorsed Kennedy after securing from him a promise that after his election he would take steps to strengthen the state committee and enforce party discipline.

A House Divided

The absence of leadership in the majority party had been a large factor in the state's sordid saga of corruption. The system of intensely personal politics, to the exclusion of any public philosophy, meant fragmentation of power and responsibility throughout the state government. The legislature, which profited from a power vacuum, created myriad independent bureaus and authorities. Legislative "freeze-ins" of autonomous favored jobholders, besides demoralizing the civil service,

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made responsibility for corruption impossible to pinpoint. Of all the dozens of indictments for fraud, bribery, and larceny during the late 1950's and early 1960's, few embarrassed an incumbent governor; the men indicted owed their loyalty and tenure to some past governor, legislator, or bureaucrat. Such conditions led to a fickleness bordering on despair among voters: except for Christian A. Herter, who became Secretary of State, every postwar governor of Massachusetts, Republican or Democrat, has been rejected after his first or second term. During the past two decades the independent vote has grown rapidly, often meaning a house divided, with Republican governors facing Democratic legislatures. But the state government is never so divided as when it is totally Democratic.

After Kennedy's defeat of McCormack and his subsequent election to his elder brother's Senate seat, he took steps to fulfill his campaign promises. "I'm not going to Washington after this election and retire," he often told campaign audiences. "I'm going to be active in this party." And so he was. Gerard F. Doherty, who had worked as a campaign manager for Kennedy, was unanimously elected state committee chairman. Aided by Professors Burns, Beer, and Wood, the state committee established a program of broadening the party's base. This task was made easier by the election of Governor Endicott Peabody, who won by five thousand votes on Kennedy's coattails. Patronage from the governor's office filtered through the Kennedy command post at the state committee. Vacancies in the offices of state treasurer, state auditor, and chairman of the Turnpike Authority, a rich source of patronage, were all filled by Kennedy allies.

A major goal for Democrats was the strengthening of the state nominating convention, a unique political gathering whose endorsement means practically nothing in the subsequent wide-open primary. The convention system was instituted by Governor Herter in 1954 to broaden the appeal of both parties to minority groups and arrest the trend to "all-blue" (all-Yankee Republican) slates and "all-green" (all-Irish Democratic) tickets. Republicans, because of better discipline, have profited more from this process than have Democrats, whose convention choices have been invariably challenged in bruising primaries. Kennedy and his men fought for legislation to make the convention system more binding, but the Senator's dedication to the principle is more conspicuous than his support of this year's convention choices.

Debts Outstanding

The spring of 1966 marked the tenth anniversary of the Democratic Party in Massachusetts as a Kennedy party, commemorating the struggle of 1956 when John F. Kennedy's candidate for state chairman, John "Pat" Lynch, defeated the candidate backed by John W. McCormack, William "Onions" Burke. Since that time, the state committee has been a holding operation protective of the political interests of the Kennedy family. This year the holding operation was about to enter a critical phase. Democrats expected Edward Kennedy to choose a strong ticket for the crucial November election, charges of "bossism" notwithstanding. At the very least, they expected him to endorse the choice of the preprimary convention in June. He did neither, apparently because of the political debts owed to each of the three gubernatorial contenders.

The first of these was Maurice A. Donahue of Holyoke, president

of the state senate and one of fourteen legislators to work for Kennedy in 1962. Donahue, an eighteen-year veteran of the legislature, was undoubtedly a "Kennedy man," having served as Teddy's co-ordinator in the western part of the state during the 1962 campaign. But if Donahue had won the state convention's endorsement for governor, he probably would have lost the primary to the more familiar face and more formidable campaign apparatus of McCormack, who had been wooing convention delegates "Kennedy-style" for four well-organized years. Kennedy outlined this probability to Donahue at a secret breakfast meeting at the Senator's Charles River town house a week before the convention. Donahue and his forces, which numbered many of "Teddy's people," could hardly believe this cold appraisal by Kennedy.

McCormack won the convention with 892 votes to Donahue's 722 and O'Donnell's 129. Two days later, Donahue, embittered by what he felt was Kennedy's betrayal, announced that he would be McCormack's campaign manager. Donahue had decided, as did his followers, several of whom crushed their Kennedy campaign tie clasps during the convention, to switch allegiance from the No. 1 political family to the No. 2.

Kennedy, who could not move openly against Donahue because of personal obligations, was constrained against halting O'Donnell's candidacy because of the latter's key role in President Kennedy's career and his friendship with Senator Robert Kennedy. This friendship, despite Teddy's neutrality, has been cited to potential O'Donnell workers with a suggestion that they hitch their wagon to Bobby's star. But Teddy's stance and the present implausibility of rivalry between the famous brothers have deprived O'Donnell of badly needed organizational help.

Blocked by a tangle of loyalties toward two of the gubernatorial candidates, Edward Kennedy also faced complications in his relations with McCormack. Even if he had wished to reopen the wounds of 1962, it would have been difficult in light of the extraordinary generosity of his former antagonist's uncle, Speaker McCormack. The speaker, besides giving his historic Senate testimony last fall on behalf of Kennedy's friend Francis X. Morrissey, had telephoned several Senators in regard to Morrissey's nomination for a Federal judgeship. The elder McCormack often points out his Senator's Presidential potential, praising (as he did before the state convention) Edward Kennedy's "visionary leadership." After Kennedy's fight last summer to include a poll tax ban in the voting-rights bill, McCormack dissented from the Johnson administration's view on

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the subject and backed Kennedy and the poll-tax ban. Kennedy has returned all these courtesies in most deferential fashion. The seventy-four-year-old Speaker was especially pleased when Kennedy ceremoniously buried the hatchet at the younger McCormack's testimonial dinner in February, where he was billed, unknown to himself until a day before, as the principal speaker.

Since his statements at these banquets were the only means of determining Kennedy's attitude towards various candidates, his every phrase was plumbed for meaning. At O'Donnell's dinner, the Senator said the party was "fortunate" in having O'Donnell as a candidate—the same line he used about minor candidates for other offices. For Maurice Donahue's affair in December, Kennedy said: "Maurice, the Democratic Party needs you. Maurice, Massachusetts needs you. Maurice, we need you." Then at McCormack's dinner: "I repeat something I said three and a half years ago... if Eddie McCormack is nominated by the voters of the Democratic Party, I will support him enthusiastically." This deliberately worded statement, with the accent on the "voters" in the primary, seemed to postpone Kennedy's support for McCormack until September. This uneven picture of intent dismayed party workers as much as any disappointment they felt about Kennedy's non-support for their particular candidate. Kennedy never made a clear statement of his neutrality or lack thereof until the convention, which he did not attend, was over. Then he handed out a press release, his first written document on state politics, declaring that "I hope each candidate will pledge to conduct a positive primary on a high level."

Personal vilification, however, has highlighted the contest for the Democratic nomination to succeed Senator Saltonstall. The main issue, as presented by the two leading contenders, is whether Endicott Peabody, the former governor, or Boston's Mayor John F. Collins is the more faithful Democrat. Peabody, a rare "Yankee Democrat," achieved great strides in planning and governmental reform during his two years as governor. Peabody, however, started in politics working for the Republicans, a fact that Collins has seized in listing the political faux pas in Peabody's career. Collins, probably the best mayor Boston has had in this century, has been a lone-wolf Democrat, elected in an upset in a nonpartisan election in 1959. His courtship of the city's Republican business leaders and his failure to endorse Democratic tickets in the past have brought upon him Peabody's scorn.

Peabody trounced Collins at the June convention, 1,078 to 721, but the mayor, who has a good television style and a reputation for dynamic campaigning, is fighting hard for endorsement in the September 13 primary. A third Democratic contender is Thomas Boylston Adams, scion of another Massachusetts Presidential family, who is a "peace" candidate backed by the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

Teddy undoubtedly would prefer to have Peabody with him in the Senate, since the former governor's obligations to him would provide a better framework for co-operation than would Collins's independence. And he would prefer either Democrat to Republican Edward W. Brooke, the state attorney general and the highest-ranking Negro state official in the nation, whose presence in Washington would eclipse much of Kennedy's efforts. For this reason, Kennedy may redeem his promise made after the convention to "campaign side-by-side with the nominees [after the primary] to win a victory for the Democratic Party." His campaign will be needed, for Brooke and Governor John A. Volpe head a Republican slate more united and more potent than any in recent years.

Beyond Massachusetts

As for "Teddy's people," his original supporters who have been in suspended animation working for none of the candidates, there's always New York. More than thirty of them flew to Manhattan on June 28 at Teddy's request to assist brother Bobby's campaign on behalf of a candidate for a surrogate judgeship. They were theoretically in the city to prevent the stalwarts of Tammany Hall from raiding the ballot boxes. New York City residency was required for this task, however, so most of the Massachusetts men just watched the well-organized procedures of New York politics with awe. Most of them were aware that the trip was Teddy's means of seeking further fealty after his neutral performance at the Massachusetts convention. In 1964, when Robert Kennedy really needed help, a more select group of Teddy's friends went over the border and actually campaigned. The district attorney from Springfield labored in Queens, a state representative from Braintree helped supervise the Kennedy campaign in Syracuse, and a state senator from Brookline worked with the Nassau County organization on Long Island.

The view to the White House never seems far from Massachusetts. Edward McCormack's supporters are all cognizant of their man's friendship with Hubert Humphrey, which antedates Humphrey's accession to the Vice-Presidency. McCormack has said: "In any contest between a Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey, despite my friendship with Hubert Humphrey, I'd be with the Kennedys. It's not unlike the situation in 1956 between Senators Gore and Kefauver. Gore switched his support to Kefauver for Vice-President, even though they didn't get along at all."

Anyone familiar with the relationship between the Tennessee Senators would find cold comfort for Kennedys in the analogy. Early in 1960, John F. Kennedy said of the Massachusetts Democratic Party to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., "Nothing can be done until it is beaten—badly beaten." Since then, it has been sorely battered but probably has another defeat left in it. Edward Kennedy has told friends in Washington that he looks forward to 1970, when he will run for re-election, as a time for rebuilding the party.

The civic life of Massachusetts goes on meanwhile, disrupted by tribal warfare and unrelated to loftier pursuits in the Bay State's cultural, scientific, and educational endeavors. Politics in the Commonwealth has changed very little from the time when Henry Adams defined it as "the systematic organization of hatreds."

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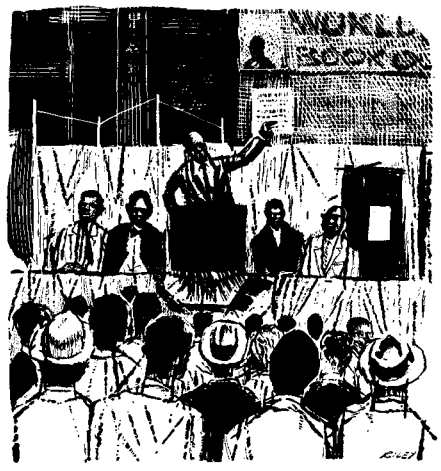

The Ballad Of the Green Bow Tie

JERALD TER HORST

In Detroit's Lafayette Park near the end of the senatorial primary campaign in Michigan, a weary G. Mennen Williams fought valiantly to hold the attention of a restless crowd. It was a flat speech, even by Williams's standards. His tongue tripped, sentences didn't hang together, and the Williams whine seemed more nasal than ever. Finally a Negro leader bent toward a Detroit *News* reporter and observed, "Y'know, when Soapy makes speeches like this, you just gotta be lovin' that baby in order to vote for him."

That pretty well sums up what happened August 2, D-Day in Michigan's most expensive Democratic primary, when the lanky ex-governor and ex-Assistant Secretary of State quashed the senatorial ambitions of Detroit's popular young mayor, Jerome P. Cavanagh.

President Johnson may prefer to view Williams's victory as a Michigan vindication for his Vietnam policy, which Williams upheld loyally. Most television commentators chose that view. It was, after all, an easy way to dramatize the complex Williams-Cavanagh contest for a national audience. Yet the truth is that the election results were simply an outpouring of sentimental affection for a polka-dotted green bow tie, back home again after more than five years of bobbing around Washington and Africa.

The battle between Michigan's Democratic stars began shaping up last February, when the ailing seventy-one-year-old Senator Patrick V. McNamara decided that he would not seek a third term. (McNamara died soon afterward.) Williams had long been hankering to get back into Michigan politics. After a record six terms as governor, he was impatient and uncomfortable in the arid atmosphere of the State Department, to which President Kennedy had first assigned him in 1960. His relations with Kennedy were tolerable; with Johnson they were distant. Only the African ambassadors seemed to appreciate his work. When McNamara stepped aside, Williams surprised no one by announcing that he was going to run for the Senate.

Cavanagh's entry was no surprise either, but it was a disappointing rebuff to the Democratic-labor coalition that has dominated the Michigan party since Soapy first became governor in 1949. Cavanagh also had his reasons. At thirty-seven, he had just won a smashing voter endorsement for a second four-year term as the nonpartisan mayor of Detroit. He was president of the U.S. Conference of Mayors and head of the National League of Cities, those twin peaks of municipal officialdom. His progressive administration and personal leadership of Detroit's massive rebuilding program had won nationwide acclaim. He also knew his way around Washington, and Detroit was getting earlier and bigger slices of every city-oriented spending program. He was a spokesman for the cities before Congress and a frequent visitor at the White House. By all the standards, Cavanagh had the mark of a comer in national politics. There was only one question—how to get going.

Jerry's Polls . . .

For months, Cavanagh had been savoring the political opportunities for 1966. Although Detroit's municipal government is nonpartisan, his Democratic affiliation was well known and the question of party choice posed no problem. Within the Democratic Party, there were only two suitable potential jobs: the governorship and McNamara's Senate seat. Cavanagh could have had the nomination for governor, but even if he were elected, it would mean little more than being a glorified mayor. Furthermore, he would have the difficult task of wresting party control from its longtime rulers, National Committeeman Neil Staebler, State AFL-CIO President August (Gus) Scholle, U.S. Senator Philip A. Hart—and Williams. But the paramount obstacle to running for governor was Republican Governor George Romney, who looked unbeatable.

Williams was of no mind to run against Romney either, and he was sure to have the support of the party's leaders. Cavanagh reasoned nonetheless that Williams had been out of office since 1960 and it was just possible that voters might resent his return to the local scene. Half a million young voters had come on the rolls since the Williams era in Lansing. Cavanagh studied his public-opinion surveys and dissected his November, 1965, mayoral returns from labor, Negro, and nationality precincts in Detroit. What he saw convinced him that he had a chance to beat the fifty-five-year-old Williams in a Democratic primary. On March 19, Cavanagh staged a mammoth news conference in the Pick-Fort Shelby Hotel ballroom to declare his senatorial candidacy. The

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banner overhead read "Bosses for Soapy—People for Jerry."

On paper, the Cavanagh strategy looked daring but feasible: hold Williams to a standoff in the Democratic precincts of Detroit and Wayne County where Cavanagh also was strong; then beat Williams in the outstate cities of Michigan where Republicans had long memories of his twelve years as governor and where local Democrats were resentful of domination by the party's power center in Detroit.

. . . and Soapy's Pals

Williams's camp thought it recognized the Cavanagh formula right from the start. It was the same kind of party-crossing strategy that Romney had used so successfully to vault over the Democratic-labor coalition and into the governor's chair. Although he had never lost a Michigan election, Williams sent out the alarm to the Democratic loyalists, the labor chiefs and the union stewards who had battled shoulder to shoulder with him in the late 1940's and 1950's to transform Michigan into a Democratic state.

While every sign said he should win a party primary with its customary small turnout of the faithful, Williams knew that the very nature of the intraparty contest meant that Staebler, Hart, and the other top party leaders would have to maintain a public neutrality. Williams also had never had to face a serious party rival since his first governorship race in 1948. He knew how to campaign against Republicans, but handling a man like Cavanagh would be sticky. The Detroit mayor had a strong liberal record, good as or better than Williams's in his twelve years as governor. Both stood alike on the issues of civil rights, labor, Federal aid for cities and schools, Medicare, mental health, a better tax structure, and the other bread-and-butter items. Moreover, both men drew their political support from the same groups—the union members, the Negroes, liberal intellectuals, schoolteachers, and the so-called foreign-nationality sectors of the population.

Freed of his Washington chores by April 1, Williams waded into the campaign with a carefully budgeted time schedule. He planned to stump every one of Michigan's eighty-three counties, and he did. But he also saved three days of every week for the vital Detroit area and the bedroom counties of Macomb, Monroe, Oakland, and Washtenaw. As in the old days, he toured the plant gates, attended union rallies, haunted the supermarkets and shopping centers, visited the Negro churches, stopped by the high schools, ate German potato salad and Polish sausage at the nationality picnics and weddings. The technique was still the same—the outstretched hand, the polka-dotted green bow tie, and the genial "Hi there, h'are ya?" But now he added: "I'm running for the Senate this time."

Cavanagh lacked that kind of mobility and bravado. He had not resigned as mayor, so city duties kept him in Detroit a good part of the time. He concentrated on political rallies or used nonpolitical functions to keep himself in the public eye. His appearances outside Detroit were limited to quick dashes to Flint, Muskegon, Grand Rapids, Lansing, and Kalamazoo.

Part of his labor strategy was to neutralize the individual United Auto Workers locals by persuading union officials to forgo the traditional endorsement of Soapy Williams. That failed dramatically when Williams got the endorsement of the big Ford Local 600 in Dearborn, the local to which Cavanagh's retired father had once belonged. After that, UAW locals all over the state began falling to Williams.

Henry Ford II came out for Cavanagh and the political pundits thought that might tip Republican-oriented businessmen toward the mayor. But Ford's endorsement was a bit too good. He was "for Jerry all the way," even against Romney's hand-picked Republican candidate, newly appointed Senator Robert P. Griffin. Williams probably collected a lot more votes from talking to union members at Ford plants.

Whatever political momentum Cavanagh had in the early weeks was dissipated in late April when he embarked on a three-week tour of Europe, partly to advance Detroit's bid at Rome for the 1972 Olympic games and partly as head of a delegation trying to bring trade and tourists to Detroit and Michigan. Reporter Jo Ann Hardee asked in a page 1 Detroit *News* story from Rome: "Is it politically wiser for a Senate candidate to be here or at the Roma Hall in Detroit, shaking hands with Italian-Americans? Will it be worth more votes to make a two-day visit to Poland or to be listening to polka music at the Polish Century Club?" The answer seemed obvious. Cavanagh not only missed the polkas, he also missed the funeral of Senator McNamara in Detroit, which drew party luminaries from all over the state and from Washington, including President Johnson and Soapy Williams. The mayor's absence was resented by many of the Democratic faithful, particularly since Cavanagh had claimed McNamara as a personal friend and mentor. And he had also left the campaign trail wide open to Williams, who made the most of it.

LBJ Couldn't Help

Cavanagh's quest for the Senate had one other curious aspect, and that was the unspoken blessing of the White House. There was no doubt in the mayor's mind, nor among correspondents in Washington, that Johnson initially hoped Cavanagh would win. Johnson and Williams had been crossing political swords from the Truman era until the very day the Texan became John Kennedy's running mate in 1960. Because of the nature of the primary contest, however, the Johnson blessing could not be bestowed publicly upon Cavanagh. In the end, whatever favor the President might have rendered was called into question when the mayor began sounding soft on Vietnam.

Cavanagh's position on Vietnam, adapted from Jean Lacouture's book *Vietnam: Between Two Truces*, seemed reasonable enough. He advocated free elections, a general cease-fire, and a declaration that the Vietnamese should work out their own solution. But Cavanagh also took a few potshots at South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and suggested that since the Vietcong was not going to melt away, it should be brought into the negotiating picture. The mayor's move was deliberate. Polls in Michigan showed

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a public uneasiness over the administration's escalation of the war effort. By edging away from Johnson on Vietnam and by advocating United Nations membership for Communist China, Cavanagh hoped to draw the votes of campus liberals, parents of Michigan G.I.s, and civil-rights leaders who believe that the Vietnam war is draining off funds needed at home for the war against poverty and inequality.

WILLIAMS seemed delighted. For years, he had been sweetening his Americans for Democratic Action liberalism with a militant anti-Communism that cheered the "captive nation" immigrants and their descendants in Detroit as well as the Catholics. Since he had been on the Johnson diplomatic team in Washington, Williams had no trouble swinging firmly behind the President's Vietnam policy. And as for the Kennedy image, Willams beat Cavanagh to the punch by being the first to invite Bobby into Michigan —after the primary, of course.

Six weeks before the August 2 election, Cavanagh finally moved into high gear. He all but deserted the mayor's office for the campaign circuit. He imported William Haddad, the New York research consultant, and his team of young campaign professionals, fresh from their work in the Florida gubernatorial primary for victorious Miami Mayor Robert King High. The Haddad group worked day and night analyzing polls, devising campaign literature and catchy slogans, suggesting speech topics, and planning the big television campaign that was to put Cavanagh over the top. Although every principal denied it, some Cavanagh staffers wondered privately if Bobby Kennedy might be picking up part of the Haddad tab, just as he was reported to be helping attractive Democratic candidates in other states.

Still trying to woo Republicans into his fight against Williams, Cavanagh's camp leaked word that his good friend, New York Mayor John Lindsay, was willing to help out if needed. Williams cried "For shame!," implying that Cavanagh was turning traitor to his own party. Republican Senator Griffin moved in with the trump card, however. He not only asked and got a denial from Lindsay but also secured Lindsay's firm endorsement of his own G.O.P. candidacy for the Senate.

The Negro Vote

Election night produced the foreseeable results. Williams beat Cavanagh, 432,752 to 287,373, and carried Detroit and Wayne County with surprising ease. What was especially embarrassing for Cavanagh was the 2.5-to-1 beating he got in his own back yard. Williams took some Detroit Negro areas by margins as high as 10 to 1 and 15 to 1. He swept the factory-worker districts, the Catholic neighborhoods, and just about every suburb in the Detroit area. Cavanagh managed to salvage only nine of the eighty-three counties.

The heavy primary vote seemed proof that many Republicans had indeed crossed over to help Cavanagh knock out Williams. The Williams camp estimated there were from seventy-five thousand to eighty thousand such votes out of the 720,000 cast for both candidates.

As Cavanagh figured, he also got the peace vote. This much was evident from the mayor's victory in

Ann Arbor, home of the University of Michigan, and in the returns from East Lansing, home of Michigan State University, and Kalamazoo, the site of several colleges. But the peace vote added up to very little and was almost nonexistent elsewhere in the state. What apparently turned the election was Williams's deep reservoir of good will and the way he walked off with the Negro vote. The Williams camp estimated that there are about one hundred thousand Democratic primary votes in the Negro communities of Detroit; he carried these precincts by an average of 9 to 1. That figures out to about ninety thousand votes. If Cavanagh had received them instead of Williams, the mayor would now be Democratic candidate for the Senate. Why didn't he fare better?

The contest between Cavanagh and Williams posed "a terrible decision" for Michigan Negroes, according to Robert Battle, president of the Trade Union Leadership Council in Detroit. Here were "two guys doing a good job" in civil rights, and suddenly Negroes were asked to make a choice between a popular young mayor and the man who had championed their cause for years. Hardly anybody thought Williams's service as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs would be an asset in a political campaign. But Robert Tindal, Detroit NAACP director, and Arthur L. Honson, deputy director of the Michigan Civil Rights Commission, contend it made a strong and favorable impression on Michigan Negroes.

CAVANAGH may have irritated some Negro voters by his seeming espousal of a hated "stop and frisk" police bill now before the state legislature. A few Negro leaders also criticized him for a tendency to avoid their social affairs and dinners between elections. Cavanagh "didn't break bread often enough" with the Negro groups, Tindal feels. "That void—where a warm feeling should have been—was filled by Williams."

Having lost his big gamble, Cavanagh still has the piper to pay. His primary campaign cost him $420,051, with $174,974 still outstanding. As yet, he doesn't know where that kind of money can be raised. Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters, who backed him, might come up with some. Jack Casey, the mayor's press secretary, suggested whimsically that a testimonial dinner might be proper. Williams reported campaign spending of $278,766, with $86,167 still to be paid.

Cavanagh has decided to devote full time to his mayor's job, whittling down that primary debt and getting reacquainted with his family. Just how hard he will stump for Williams is a question, but he has vigorously pledged his opposition to Griffin, the new underdog against the man with the green bow tie.

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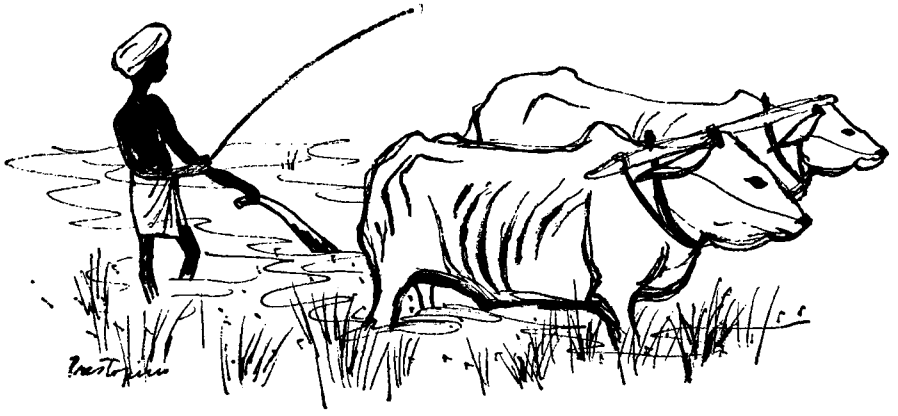

Sukarno's Holdouts In Central Java

DONALD KIRK

DJAKARTA

SOME FIFTY MILES north of the East Java city of Madiun, in a valley cut through a forest of palm and oak trees, a wizened fifty-year-old mystic named Mbah (for grandfather) Suro dispenses blessings to thousands of Javanese who each day crowd dilapidated trucks and buses for a ride down barely passable dirt roads to see him. The gist of his message is that some day Indonesians will live in a communal bliss in which all men enjoy equally the advantages of a prosperous, just society. Mbah Suro charges sixty-five rupiahs—only seventy cents, but for many Javanese half a month's pay—for the black cloth headgear and cane that his followers must carry to qualify for his blessing.

One secret of Mbah Suro's success is that he bases his message largely on Javanese myths and legends that apply to present-day circumstances. He reminds listeners of the ancient struggle in the Hindu epic, the Mahabhrata, of the demigod hero Ardjuna against his deceitful cousins, the Kauravas. "Don't waver," he advises. "You are on the side of good fighting evil." The analogy appeals particularly to members of the Innonesian Nationalist Party (PNI), many of whom mingle a superficial adherence to Islam with more deep-seated faith in remnants of animism and Hinduism, earlier influences in Javanese culture.

Ardjuna to the Nationalists is President Sukarno, whom they still worship as a demigod despite his relegation to little more than a figurehead role since last fall's unsuccessful Communist coup. In his name they are fighting an assortment of disorganized Moslems, as well as a sprinkling of Catholics and Christians, for control of Central and Eastern Java, where nearly sixty million of Indonesia's 106 million people live.

Sukarno's Last Stronghold

Members of the Moslem Scholars Party and the Masjumi, a political party banned by Sukarno six years ago, accuse the Nationalists of harboring former members of the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI), outlawed in March. They say that a pro-Communist wing of the Nationalists still dominates the party in both Central and Eastern Java despite the victory of moderates at a party convention in April. They also charge that the Nationalists have violated the terms of Pantjasila, the five principles of Indonesian nationhood—belief in God, nationalism, democracy, humanism, and social justice. "We say that Pantjasila is Pantjasila and we emphasize belief in God," said one Moslem youth leader. "The PNI say Pantjasila is Marhaenism," Sukarno's concept of socialism adapted to Indonesian conditions.

"We Live and Die for Bung Karno," reads the slogan scribbled by Nationalist youths on the walls of cities and towns in Central and East Java. The slogan is a direct challenge to the Moslems, who contend that good Indonesians, whatever their religion, live and die only for God. Bands of Nationalist youths in red berets and black uniforms roam the streets and countryside at night, often getting into scuffles with militant Moslem Scholars wearing black uniforms with white belts and black berets. The youth groups drill regularly under the supervision of civil-defense or army officers who sympathize with their respective parties. In the Nationalist-dominated district of Banumas, a rice and sugar-growing region west of Jogjakarta, Moslem youths have ambushed and attacked their Nationalist counterparts in the cane fields, often beheading them and dumping their bodies into irrigation ditches.

"This is the area where you can expect the next Communist force to develop," said a Moslem Scholar who is head of a village school. "Sixty per cent of the people here are PNI. Eighty-five per cent of the PNI are Communist sympathizers." He explained that the Moslem Scholar youth force totaled twelve thousand men against forty-eight thousand for the Nationalists; according to him, both the civil and military services in the region were led by extremist members of the PNI. "We plan to increase by twenty thousand," he said.

OUTSIDE of Banumas, the Nationalist-Moslem conflict in Central Java has centered most severely in Jogjakarta. There, where the anti-Communist purge was bloodiest, Nationalist and Moslem youths have clashed openly, first on the birthday of the Prophet Mohammad, celebrated on July 5, and again in mid-July after ceremonies marking the thirty-ninth anniversary of the founding of the PNI by Sukarno. In nearby Surakarta, a city that has long been considered a Communist stronghold, Nationalists stoned a procession of Moslems on July 5,

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and Moslem youths retaliated by ransacking the Nationalist headquarters. The Moslems charged that PNI members threw snakes into their mosques during prayer sessions. For three days Moslems and Nationalists fought sporadically throughout the city.

Nationalist youths in Jogjakarta attacked the headquarters of the Action Command of Indonesian Students, the nationwide organization that includes Moslem, Christian, Catholic, and other student groups. After three days of demonstrations and clashes, the Action Command claimed that thirty-four persons had been injured. "Our students will protect Jogja as the barometer of the Republic," a student leader told me. Action Command strategists fear the political future of Indonesia may follow that of Jogja, which has long been dominated by the Nationalists.

The Action Command charges that leftist members of the PNI from Jogjakarta and Surakarta have infiltrated moderate PNI groups in West Java, an area relatively free of serious Communist influence. Nationalist leaders from Central Java were blamed for a riot in Bandung, the West Javan capital, in which several persons were killed and a score injured. Action Command student leaders claimed that the PNI had paid local toughs fifty rupiahs each to swarm through the city, attacking the student group headquarters and forcing shopkeepers to tear down anti-Sukarno signs posted by the students. Military authorities warned political leaders against importing party members from elsewhere to demonstrate in Djakarta.

THE FLARE-UPS in Central Java might possibly have burst into civil war except for the intervention of the armed forces, which have temporarily banned demonstrations by prohibiting youths from walking together in groups of more than five. The armed forces have also organized "youth patrols," with members of opposing organizations guarding the streets together to prevent incidents. Military commanders have arranged meetings and exacted pledges of mutual goodwill among adult political leaders. The result has been an uneasy calm in most areas. Though there are reports of knifings and occasional killings at night, no open fighting between identifiable factions has yet broken out.

Members of Moslem organizations, in a minority in most of Central Java, accuse the armed forces of favoring the leftist wing of the Nationalists and the underground Communist elements. They have charged that the majority of the marine corps is pro-Communist, and indeed the leadership of the marine corps in Djakarta has leaned toward President Sukarno. In Jogjakarta, Action Command students accused the marines of arresting and beating nineteen of their members who were "peacefully" returning from a demonstration. They said that the marine corps has collaborated with the military police, some of whose high-ranking officers also are regarded as pro-Sukarno. Most complaints, however, focus on the Diponegoro Division, which has its headquarters in Semarang and is responsible for all of Central Java.

General Suharto, who has assumed most of President Sukarno's powers, has admitted that forty per cent of the division's officers sympathized with the Communists before the coup, and one Moslem Scholar leader has estimated that as much as sixty per cent of the Diponegoro still belong to the left wing of the PNI. The division commander and a number of senior officers have been relieved, and military investigators

from Djakarta have attempted to screen all soldiers assigned to the division. Some of the officers no doubt are Nationalists, but military leaders believe that they have weeded out most of the Communist sympathizers. They have made little headway in the enlisted ranks, however, which are filled largely by Javanese peasants who share the mystical faith in the President of many of their countrymen.

The Red Berets

The military problem was much the same in eastern Java until Major General Sumitro was appointed military commander of the region last spring. Sumitro's first move was to summon all his senior officers and warn them of the consequences of Communist influence in their units. Before that time the Moslems, who dominate the eastern part of East Java, had complained that marines and military police had injured student demonstrators and had needlessly fired over their heads during demonstrations. The majority of the marine corps in East Java was reportedly either allied with the PNI Left or the Communists; there were cases in which uniformed marines had shouted, "Long Live the Communist Party." Sumitro conducted a purge that appears for the moment to have stifled Communist influence among the forces under his command.

One of General Sumitro's most effective weapons for repressing signs of left-wing influence, particularly among the marines, has been the red-bereted paracommandos. The army's elite troops, they were largely responsible for defeating Communist resistance in Central and East Java last fall. At least three battalions of paracommandos have been permanently assigned to Central Java, and platoons and companies of them are constantly deployed to trouble points in East Java. Though they are unable to prevent isolated incidents and fights among small groups of students, they have done much to keep the conflict from broadening.

Observers tend to view the present calm as deceptive. They point out that Moslem civilians spearheaded the slaughter of Communists in East Java last fall, while the armed forces, aided by Moslems, were primarily responsible for the purge in Central Java. Many are afraid that the Moslems will be tempted to kill again if they feel threatened. A factor that may have temporarily reduced the violence in East Java was the thoroughness with which the central government in Djakarta dismissed or suspended the old provincial

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leadership which had been dominated before the coup by leftist Nationalists and Communist sympathizers. Virtually all the old leaders were replaced by men committed to supporting General Suharto and the new régime in Djakarta.

Although he himself is from Central Java, Suharto has found the situation there more baffling. The left wing of the Nationalist Party has been strong among people of ancient Javanese ancestry, many of whom reject the more devout Moslems as aliens in their midst. The influence of Islam, which permeated inland from the northern seacoast several centuries ago, never fully won the lower-class Javanese masses or, for that matter, the upper classes who dominated the courts of the Javanese Hindu kingdoms.

Suharto has replaced a number of top leaders in Central Java with men more to his liking. But PNI leftists still occupy influential positions and are particularly powerful in the district governments. Since the majority of Central Javanese are Nationalists, a complete administrative shake-up would only arouse resentment and create still more problems. Similarly, the central government can ill afford to purge all the armed forces in the region of Nationalist influence since ninety per cent of the troops are Javanese, many of them in units stationed near their own homes.

THOUGH THE MOSLEMS have managed to maintain some semblance of unity since the coup, they face severe internal problems that could well undermine their campaign against the PNI. The Moslem Scholars, for instance, are opposed to the Muhammadijah, a nationwide Moslem community organization that includes many members of the banned Masjumi Party.

"In the present struggle we are united," said a Muhammadijah leader in Surakarta. But he admitted that differences between the Moslem Scholars and Masjumi would be hard to reconcile. Over the years the Moslem Scholars, who despite their name are largely small traders and farmers, have watered down and altered pure Islamic practices. The Masjumi, drawing most of its members from educated groups, has advocated a "modern" Islam freed from habits not specifically prescribed in the Koran. The Moslem Scholars, fearful of political competition, have campaigned actively against proposals to legalize the Masjumi, which was outlawed by Sukarno after its leaders rejected his concept of "guided democracy." The Moslem Scholars nationally are Indonesia's largest political party, while the PNI ranks second. The Masjumi might rank first if it were legal.

The irony of the situation is that in their anxiety to prevent the legalization of the Masjumi, the Moslem Scholars' national leaders have shown signs of siding with President Sukarno. Mohammad Dahlan, one of the party chairmen, recently supported the President's refusal to go along with the government's move to recognize Malaysia. Although the moderate national leaders of the PNI are committed to opposing the leftists whom they expelled from top party posts at their convention, they also supported Sukarno, but for another reason. They want desperately to unite with the party's pro-Sukarno wing before the general elections for parliament and congress in 1968.

As part of the show of unity, Nationalist leaders in Central Java have declared that they too are entirely opposed to the Communists and have assumed expressions of injured innocence when asked about the charges that many of their members are either former Communists or Communist sympathizers. "I cannot understand why these rumors have not stopped," said one PNI leader. "Since the party convention we have rejected all pro-Communist elements. If some of our members are influenced by Communism, it is not our wish." One Nationalist official told me that the PNI had accepted "sons of former Communists" but claimed that all applicants for membership were screened and rejected if they themselves had belonged to the PKI or one of its front organizations. "Of course," he noted, "we cannot help it if former Communists go to our rallies and join in cheering."

The PNI's claim that it is anti-Communist does have some validity. Before the coup, Nationalist members in Central Java sided with small landholders against Communist land-reform proposals. In the spring of 1965, PNI members staged a "long march" from Surakarta to Jogjakarta and were attacked by Communists and Communist-influenced troops. Nationalist leaders throughout Central Java claim that hundreds of their local members were killed while fighting against Communists last fall.

Toward Civil War?

The PNI, along with the armed forces, officially blames the recent outbursts in Central and East Java on "Communist sabotage." Nationalist leaders claim that the Communists have set out to infiltrate all the major political organizations and say that Moslems have been just as vulnerable as anybody else. They also charge that the Moslems' ultimate aim is the establishment of an Islamic state, which would be fully as contrary to the principles of Indonesian life as a Communist government that frowned on religion.

Still, there is little question, in the opinion of most observers, that those Communists who survived the purge regard the PNI as their best political refuge. After all, Sukarno fought for the preservation of the Communist Party long after the coup, and the PNI supports Sukarno. Before the coup, of course, Sukarno had brought Communists into the government to work with the Nationalists in Indonesia's transition to a socialist state.

But even without the issue of Communism, the PNI and Moslems would be at odds with one another. "The PNI wants control of all of Central Java," explained one student Action Command leader, who is himself determined that the power shift to religious groups. The central government in Djakarta has tried to impose an armed peace on the area, but the Nationalists and Moslems are so far apart that observers believe more fighting, if not civil war, is inevitable. The outcome could determine the future of the central government, which continues to pay lip service to Sukarno, largely because of the fascination he still holds for millions of Javanese Nationalists who might well rise up to defend him if he were forced out of office.

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Elections in Brazil: The Revolution Digs In

NICHOLAS RAYMOND AND WINTHROP P. CARTY

RIO DE JANEIRO

BRAZIL'S military government, which continues to call itself "the revolution," is methodically institutionalizing itself into a civilian political machine that could dominate the country for the next generation. The instrument of this consolidation is the official National Renovating Alliance Party (ARENA), which after three risk-free elections over the coming months will hold the presidency, majorities in the federal and state legislatures, and almost all of the country's twenty-two state governorships.

Overwhelming ARENA domination of the incoming government, acceptance of the tough General Artur da Costa e Silva as president, and a new constitution that will increase his power over both the congress and the states, is the military's price for a return to constitutional rule. Brazilians are willing to pay it because, despite some misgivings, they are generally agreed that the three-year interregnum between the overthrow of President João Goulart in April, 1964, and the inauguration of Costa e Silva in March, 1967, will have been good for the country.

Since Goulart's fall, Brazil has been run by Marshal Humberto Castelo Branco, a gnome-like old soldier of few words but considerable steel. The Castelo Branco régime, ostensibly governing under the constitution of 1946 drawn up after the military removed dictator Getúlio Vargas, has supplemented the charter with a series of revolutionary acts. Under these acts—three sweeping "institutional" and eighteen smaller "complementary" decrees—the government has abolished all former political parties, packed the supreme court, simplified the procedure for amending the constitution, canceled the political rights of several hundred Goulart supporters and other political figures, including three ex-presidents, pressured the congress into approving new laws, and set up a network of police and military boards empowered to investigate charges of subversion or corruption. Many in the armed forces would have gone even farther, and Brazilians are openly grateful that Castelo Branco, the leader of the so-called "soft line" faction of the military, has been able to hold the "hard line" in check.

BRAZILIANS are supposed to be a mercurial people, but in the last generation they have reacted to a long series of national crises with remarkable discipline and tolerance. Early in 1964, the country was on the verge of revolution and even disintegration, and the military intervention saved the peace.

When Goulart came to power in 1961, he inherited a rickety political structure virtually unchanged from the Vargas era. The broad coalition of forces that had kept Vargas in power as president and dictator from 1930 to 1945 and then brought him back as president again in 1951 included organized labor, industry, the large landholders, and a huge government bureaucracy at the federal, state, and municipal levels. With Goulart, this unlikely house of political cards toppled under the strains of runaway inflation and approaching economic chaos. One result was the end of the coalition of the Brazilian Labor Party (PTB) with the Social Democratic Party (PSD) of the industrialists and landholders.

Without PSD-PTB co-operation, there could be no government voting majority in the congress. By the time the political parties were dissolved in October, 1965, the PTB held only 122 out of the total 409 seats, and the PSD only 110. The third largest party, the Democratic National Union (UDN), held ninety-five seats, but was in adamant opposition to the government. None of the other ten parties in the chamber held more than twenty-five seats.

Despite its name, the PTB never really was a labor party. It was formed by Vargas to tie the unions to his administration and Goulart inherited and exploited this power base. The PSD was less a party than an instrument for political deals. It worked with Vargas and every president after him except the unhappy Jânio Quadros who abdicated in 1961. The third party, the UDN, middle-class and right of center, was originally formed as a coalition of anti-Vargas forces. Castelo Branco has called the UDN "the mainstay of the revolution," but its leader, Carlos Lacerda, the brilliant but highly controversial former Governor of Guanabara State (which includes Rio), himself came out against the military government after being denied the presidential nomination.

The parties were swept away by the Second Institutional Act, but the forces they represented were not. The act provided for two broad political coalitions to be formed in support of or in opposition to the régime. The result was the creation of ARENA and the opposition Brazilian Democratic Movement (MDB).

The initial function of the ARENA and MDB was to prepare for the elections this fall, which in turn are to

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prepare the country for the return of constitutional government in March, 1967. Though it was left to the leaders of the two groups to decide whether they want to convert themselves into permanent parties later, it was a foregone conclusion that the ARENA would do so. Other parties will be permitted next year, but only if they can prove by petitions a very broad base of support in several states. ARENA is now firmly in control, and anyone who wants to be "in" has joined it. That has included most of the UDN, almost the entire PSD, and even part of the PTB. The opposition MDB is a mixed assemblage of Left, Right, and independent with no hope of party solidarity over the long pull.

To date, the Castelo Branco régime has held just one set of elections—for the governorships of eleven states last October. The results are worth considering inasmuch as they had a strong bearing on the conditions of the Second Institutional Act (abolishing the parties) and the Third Institutional Act (setting the rules for this fall's elections).

IN THE October governorship races, spokesmen for the régime held publicly to the thesis that the elections were local contests and that the prestige of the government was not at issue. Of the eleven states, five elected candidates who were government supporters, four named men who were more or less neutral, and two pushed through candidates considered to be against the revolution.

For a military government testing its political drawing power, the results would not seem so bad, but in fact the government had taken a beating. The two states where anti-régime candidates won were Guanabara and Minas Gerais, a rich south-central state which has long been a seat of political power. With the loss of these key states, it took all Castelo Branco's strength inside the armed forces to put off "hard-line" demands for military intervention.

The Third Institutional Act, decreed in February, took precautions against any such reversal this fall. Under terms of the act, in the races for governor of the remaining eleven states on September 15, and for the presidency and vice-presidency on

October 3, the candidates will be elected by indirect vote—i.e., by the state and federal legislatures rather than by popular ballot. In the face of what promised to be a guaranteed result in favor of ARENA, the MDB announced that it would not put up candidates in either the September or October elections, although it would still go ahead with the congressional races on November 15.

Since congressional elections—for the entire state and federal chambers of deputies and one-third of the senate—have to be decided by popular vote, they will provide the Brazilian people with their first chance to pass nationwide judgment on the Castelo Branco régime.

Some months ago, there was a real question of whether or not the government would risk the threat of a dramatic rebuff and the possibility that Costa e Silva might have to take office in the face of a hostile congress. In the south-central region in particular—the most economically advanced and politically sophisticated—ARENA legislators were warning that they faced possible defeat at the polls, and were asking for a postponement of the election. Meanwhile, however, some of the threats to the party have been disarmed.

On the Mexican Pattern

Under the rules set up for the November vote, there will be no ticket splitting. The voter who wants to back ARENA locally will have to back it nationally. But throughout the country the local political *caciques* have long since joined ARENA, if only to tap the pipeline of national power. Thus, to vote against the government, Brazilians in the small cities and towns will have to turn on the local authority of bank, boss, and political chief. The government is also to have the final say over who will be permitted to run against it. All candidates will have to be cleared by special election boards, a process that is popularly called "sanitizing" the party lists.

A prominent MDB spokesman (who had already cleared the police-military inquisition board but still didn't care to be quoted by name) calls the election a farce, but also admits he would be surprised and happy if the MDB wins as many as 115 chamber seats nationally and control of two state legislatures. "You can't expect a revolutionary government to let itself be voted out of power," he said. "There has to be a transition. If there are really going to be elections in 1970, we can wait for that."

Brazilian and foreign observers feel, however, that it won't do the MDB much good to wait for 1970. Castelo Branco's obvious goal is to entrench the ARENA deeply enough in all levels of the government for it to stay for a long time. In a country where the government is the largest employer of labor, the dispenser of public funds for social and economic development, and the largest buyer of goods and services, a powerful political party with ramifications throughout the national life has limitless possibilities. Mexico's monolithic Revolutionary Institutional Party is a case in point.

ARENA, however, can never match the mystique of Mexico's PRI because it was born not out of revolution but counterrevolution. Its hold on the Brazilian voter will be one of convenience rather than loyalty. When it comes to permitting opposition, moreover, the militarists of Brazil are showing themselves far more magnanimous than the democrats of Mexico. The probability is that there will be two or three viable political parties competing with ARENA by 1970, although ARENA will be by far the largest.

There already is considerable opposition to ARENA and it is bound to grow over the next four years. The government has been unable to build any support among organized labor and is distrusted by much of the intellectual community. In the Northeast, where nearly a third of Brazilians live and where poverty is most apparent, discontent at the

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slow pace of social reform has drawn the fire of the liberal Catholic hierarchy. In the main, however, criticism is blunted by the visual evidence that conditions are improving. ARENA's future, in fact, is tied like a kite tail to the continuing success of the government's economic policies.

Brazil has been ruled by the military but run by technocrats. A "brain trust" headed by Planning Minister Roberto Campos and Finance Minister Octávio Gouvêa de Bulhões was given carte blanche to completely restructure the country's economy. Despite tremendous pressures, particularly during the brief business recession in the first half of 1965, there has been no wavering in Castelo Branco's support of these men and their policies.

The results have meaning that goes beyond Brazil's borders. Governments caught up in the inflationary spiral seemingly endemic to Latin America are coldly advised by the international financial community that they must undergo a shock treatment of stringent deflation and austerity. The trouble with that advice is that governments accepting it are usually thrown out of office before the cure can work. Campos and his colleagues chose a course of gradual disinflation, structural reform, and simultaneous economic growth—a seemingly impossible contradiction.

Brazil has slowly whittled down its inflation rate from a projected annual level of 144 per cent at the time of Goulart's fall to an actual year-end 1964 level of eighty-six per cent, then to forty-five per cent in 1965, and to an expected thirty-five per cent this year. The current rate is about two per cent a month and Bulhões is certain it can be held to an over-all fifteen per cent increase in 1967.

Gradualism has not meant stagnation in the economy, unemployment, or even real hardship. The gross national product was stagnant between 1962 and 1964 but shot ahead with an increase of four per cent in 1965 and should reach six per cent in 1966; industrial production between 1963 and 1965 rose five per cent and agricultural production twenty per cent; the trade surplus rose from $112 million to $400 million and manufactured exports nearly tripled. Banking and taxation reforms have hugely increased government revenue, permitting a major public-works program that is benefiting the entire country but is exerting its major effort in the poverty stricken Northeast. As long as the economic upswing continues —and there is every reason to believe it will—the international financial agencies will look with increasing favor on Brazil, and domestically the political credit will accrue to the ARENA.

"Order and Progress"

The Brazilian régime has received a mixed press, both at home and abroad. Critics dwell on the loss of civil liberties and free political choice while supporters hail the economic recovery. In the main, the backers of the government, including the U.S. Department of State, have much the best of the argument.

By mid-1963, it was apparent that Brazil's inflationary spiral was completely out of control, and that economic collapse and the break-up of the nation's unity was near. Goulart, who until that time had hardly been a radical, knew that it was politically impossible for him to take the drastic steps necessary to stop

the trend and, in any case, he was blocked by the PSD and UDN in congress. In desperation, he veered wildly to the left—partly to arouse his unhappy supporters with domestic and foreign bogeymen and partly in a last effort to gain control of the economic and political tools that might extricate him from the impending crash.

But when the army moved in 1964, the crowds came into the streets not to do battle but to cheer. There was no mutiny in the armed forces, no barricades in the streets, and no work stoppage after the first day of confusion. There wasn't even a student demonstration.

Brazilians were simply sick of the mess—years of graft and corruption, strike benefits wiped out by cost increases, artificial food shortages rigged by profiteers, outrageous opulence cheek by jowl with degrading poverty, and the constant shrill of politics that seemed to have no bearing on daily life. The real need of the people was "order and progress,"—the motto of the national flag. The army promised both, and in a very real sense it has delivered.

FROM the very beginning, Castelo Branco made clear that the military would go back to the barracks when it felt the basic tasks of political and economic reformation were completed. It is keeping its promise. Rule by decree should be over by March and the transition government of Costa e Silva should step down by 1971. Public regard for Castelo Branco has always been high, but there are still reservations about his successor, who has been tagged as a "hard liner." The impression is heightened by the extensive paunch and dark glasses that tend to make Latin American generals look like surly motorcycle cops. In government circles, however, the impression of Costa e Silva is less severe. While he is trusted by the extreme military wing, he has never really been part of it.

Insiders believe that his personal ambitions end with a term in the Palace of the Dawn, the presidential mansion in Brasilia. For his term of office over the next four years, there is an important precedent. After the overthrow of Vargas in 1945, the next president elected was General Eurico Gaspar Dutra. Dutra spent the next five years trying to be liked and to cool political tempers, and he is remembered with considerable affection. All things being equal, it might not be a bad role for Costa e Silva.

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Prince of Reviewers

ALFRED KAZIN

I DID NOT KNOW Randall Jarrell very well—and the first time we met, at the house of a friend to both of us—we had a bitter argument. In later years, reading Jarrell with appreciation and observing him with a sympathy I would not have expected to feel at our first meeting, I realized better what it had been about him that first night that had so provoked me—the smart, bristling, military air with which he had put his literary allegiances on the agenda, before company, with the impressive passion of a commander arguing an *absolutely necessary position.*

For Jarrell, conversation with new people, people he had only *read,* seemed to be a matter of his affirming his literary loyalties and his expecting you to join him in passionate avowal of his cause. And for me the odd thing about our first meeting, our intense yet really symbolic disagreement over Eliot, was not that we disagreed but that we were so haughty in reaction to each other's literary pieties. We had expected to disagree with each other; almost we met in order to disagree; we disagreed. And at least on my side I could see, thinking it over, that what had fascinated me, provoked me, even made me envious, was the overwhelming, inexpressible importance that Jarrell attached to taste—his own taste—to right reading and to right thinking about what one had read.

I am a professional critic, but Jarrell was a poet-critic. Despite Proust's devastating exposure of Sainte-Beuve's failure to spot the really great men of his time—despite his proof that Sainte-Beuve lacked character, courage, and intelligence—I find it hard to believe that professional critics (who on the whole usually do miss the really great men of their time) are, in consequence, simply contemptible. Sainte-Beuve survives, as Edmund Wilson will survive, as a writer, not as a law-giver to the age, not as a taste-maker. Despite what critics in general are supposed to do for the age, it is a fact that professional critics do not shape the taste of an age; they are themselves not prophetic enough. (Professional critics in art and music may be different; they certainly think they are; but they miss as many first-raters as they discover, for they tend to back a possibly dominating style, not the individual genius for his own sake.)

PROFESSIONAL CRITICS are read as moralists, observers from the side lines, chroniclers, biographers—even autobiographers; they line the figures up, they retrace the passion of a period, they write "marvellous essays." But just as Sainte-Beuve was wrong about Flaubert and Baudelaire, just as Van Wyck Brooks was wrong about Joyce and Eliot, just as Wilson has been wrong about Kafka and much modern poetry, just as Trilling has been stuffy about Dreiser and other strong if uncouth talents, so the poet-critic, who works not from the sidelines but has to be right in the middle of the parade (and if he is good enough, he will be leading it), obviously has to be "right"—that is, he has to make the vital choices, in advance of everybody else, that get people to *see* differently, to hear differently, to read the new people and in a sense to be new people themselves. Everybody knows—Jarrell knew nothing else so well—that T. S. Eliot's early essays turned literary opinion in English away from certain poets and toward other poets who hadn't been read with so much interest and affection until Eliot came along. It *mattered* what Eliot thought about Shelley and Donne and Milton; he made his opinions matter because in some vital sense his opinions about literature supported, made possible, the kind of odd poetry he alone could write. Superb as Edmund Wilson is, it does not really matter to the taste of our age, so congenial to Kafka, that Wilson does not like Kafka. Edmund Wilson is a great man of letters, a unique temperament in letters, a great scholar, a marvelously deft chronicler. We read him for himself; we love him even for his "faults" of taste, which we dote on because they are so obstinate and individualistic. Jarrell did not feel that *he* could afford to be wrong.

I DID NOT realize it then, but that was the background of our argument. For professional critics, even if they are firm, clear, coherent, and constantly in touch with their inmost promptings of taste, are never as firm, clear, coherent, and involved in their literary judgments as poet-critics are. They do not identify enough. To Jarrell, "Wordsworth" was not a name, a career—all he is to most cultivated people; he was not a writer whose style and central vision of life one might "like" or "disagree" with or "enjoy," as auditors now say about the most intellectual lectures. Wordsworth was a fundamental stage through which the human imagination had to pass; he incarnated fundamental *virtú;* he was a metaphor of human progress; he was the sacred wood through

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which Jarrell's childhood had passed. As it happens, I attach all these virtues to Blake; everyone has his sacred objects. But my work does not depend on my affirmation of Blake; I do not write poetry. In a very real sense Jarrell's poetry did depend on his right understanding of Wordsworth—and of many, many poets beside, not forgetting the short story writers and novelists whom Jarrell could love almost as much as he did Wordsworth and Frost and Hardy, and whom (the prose writers) he learned from and put into his poems.

Jarrell lived in a world whose sacredness consisted entirely in his images of certain beloved writers; in certain poems, novels, stories; in the happiest lines and passages from these. In the collections of his critical pieces and lectures: *Poetry and the Age* (1953), *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket* (1962), he adored the writers he adored—Whitman, Frost, Stevens, Kipling—with such a rapt readiness to *show* them off to everyone, to show their greatness off, to show them off against inferior poets and even the inferior sides of themselves, to show them off against ordinary experience, ordinary, mean, non-reading people!—that the performance, so rooted in love, in the need to praise, in boundless affirmation, was witty, as love so often is witty, when in its joy it mocks the not-lovable. No doubt the unwisely confessional lady who set for one poem the impossible task (for her) of describing sexual transport did not appreciate Jarrell's wit as much as other readers did when Jarrell, in his reviews, quoted the lines back to her in mockery of her innocent self-congratulation. Jarrell could be cruel as a child is cruel—but he was wittily so. Yet even the poet whose misses were more than his achievements must have grinned a little to be told by Jarrell that to extract his good things was *work:* like getting at "the gold in sea water." (I must have read *that* Jarrell review as long ago as 1940, and have never forgotten the literary talent behind it.)

So, if you felt about Frost as Jarrell came to feel about Frost (taking on all the doubters about Frost left in the United States):

"Frost's virtues are extraordinary. No other living poet has written so well about the actions of ordinary men . . . It is easy to underestimate the effect of this exact, spaced-out, prosaic rhythm, whose objects have the tremendous strength—you find it in Hardy's best poems—of things merely put down and left to speak for themselves . . .

". . . makes the reader feel that he is not in a book but in the world, and a world that has in common with his own some of the things that are most important in both . . ."

—then you could *not* but feel, and say—out, out, damned spot!—that "an Irving Babbitt was a man who, tenanted by all nine of the muses, still couldn't create a couplet." From Jarrell's kingdom it looked as if others lived in a country of the blind, not only without genius but

also without geniuses. They were simply without it, *it,* the goldenness of art, the hallowing touch, the thing that Goethe had, that Mies van der Rohe had, that Keats had, that Schubert had, that Chekhov had, that Robert Lowell has. . . . Jarrell was as full of quotations as a Unitarian minister—they were his theology, too. He quoted Goethe as constantly as any German refugee, and he quoted *his* touchstones, (who were the great writers themselves, talking about anything) in their letters and personal pronouncements, with all the adorable old-fashioned admiration for the general wisdom of the man of letters that Van Wyck Brooks, I used to think, was the last man to practice in his footnotes. "The work of art, Rilke said, says to us always: 'You must change your life.' " "Goethe says, when he is talking about slum children, 'No person ever looks miserable who feels that he has the right to make a demand on you.' " "Bismarck says that you can do anything with children if you play with them." (I have this from memory, and it is probably not word-perfect; but who but Jarrell would have quoted Bismarck on how to manage children?) "Hofmannsthal says, with awful finality, 'The world has lost its innocence, and without innocence no one creates or enjoys a work of art'; but elsewhere he says more hopefully, with entire and not with partial truth, that 'each of us lives in an innocence of his own which he never entirely loses.' "

Rapturously, boundlessly, scornfully, polemically, Jarrell believed not merely in literature—he believed in the *writer,* in many writers, in all possible good writers, with a breadth of allegiance actually more characteristic of professional critics than of poet-critics, but making the great writers his own with a love and praise and generosity that only a *poet* can muster. When you talk to *writers,* they are always ready to cry "Wonderful!" over the pleasure in creation that unites you in conversation. Not for Jarrell the peculiar poisonousness—unwitty, uncharming, bilious, spiteful, proud—that gets so many untalented professors of modern literature to write about contemporary literature with *hauteur.* Jarrell believed that the writer had and was a special persona, was a magician, was a liberator—his particular liberator, guardian of his kingdom. Jarrell, I think, was basically modest about his own poetry; he did not have the absorbed arrogance characteristic of absolute masters. His many quotations, his many enthusiasms, his many adjurations to his students and his attacks on the non-comprehending, his constant unhappy awareness of the Others in their country of the blind—all testified to a special faith in *literature* rather than to the vision in his own writing.

In this, Jarrell, though different in kind from professional critics, though superb in his temperament, matchless and unforgettable in his verve, reminded me more of the "faith" so characteristic of critics than of the "works" identified with

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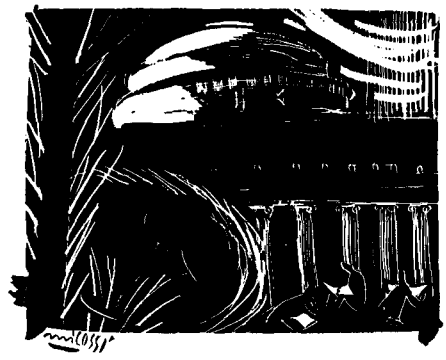
the poet. Jarrell, I think, was too conscious, too easily irritated, by the non-readers, the non-comprehending readers, the critics who have no ecstasy to share. When I read such brilliant but *simpliste* essays in the poet's pathos as *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket,* I can see why it provoked the philistine derision it is said to have done at the National Book Awards, for Jarrell was complaining to his audience about itself —almost as if to be justified by its unfriendliness. Of course we all do this—we writers who are paid to tell college audiences how uncultured they are—we writers who are so proud of the loneliness we suffer at conventions even as we suffer it, and them. But it is better to study the strangeness of the external world than to be outraged by it. There was a group that Jarrell and I belonged to for a time; they had many dinners; at these dinners I used to *feel* his extraordinarily self-defensive, barbed, and bearded presence, as if it were blinking in loneliness at the festive table. God knows I am no one to talk, but a poet should be too busy being himself writing, thinking, creating, always to worry in public lectures, even when he is witty in his outrage, about The Obscurity of the Poet, The Plight of the Poet.

JARRELL, it seems to me, became rather more of a professional poet and teacher and lecturer, and thus rather more of a generalizer, than a poet should have been. I was not greatly impressed by his sharp but unmistakable lamentations over the poet's fate, for by taking on so many large social issues in explanation, he assumed a responsibility for their "minute particulars" which he did not fulfill. When he bewailed the fate of poetry, the isolation of the poet, and how everybody who once upon a time could read at all read *poetry,* Jarrell was simply rhetorical: ". . . that long-continued, world-overturning cultural and social revolution (seen at its most advanced state here in the United States) which has made the poet difficult and the public unused to any poetry exactly as it has made poet and public divorce their wives, stay away from church, dislike bull-baiting, free the slaves, get insulin shots for diabetes. . . ." This is smart delivery recited to an audience. Jarrell was an extraordinary performer—in verse, in prose, and obviously (I never actually heard him in public) on the platform. He was never publicly defeated. Even his poorer things, deficient in actual vision, are professionally deft. Clearly, Jarrell was very dependent on an audience and identified with it. Many poets are glittering performers in public—they make a virtue of their difference from other men, as saints do, and the sick, and the conquerors. Yet even Dylan Thomas and Robert Frost, expert actors and lovable demagogues that they were, never identified themselves with this public so much as Jarrell did—even as he lamented the fate of poetry, of the poet, of *modern* poetry.

Well, Jarrell was not tough, not indifferent, nor blessed by negative capability. He was not so wrapped up in his thinking and his poetry



as Auden has been—the poet on whom Jarrell wrote more pages than he did on any other poet, but who obviously bothered his unconscious. For though Jarrell felt certain affinities—of style, wit, aristocratic disdain—with Auden, it is clear that he was nowhere so independent-minded, so autarchical of imagination, so *lawless.* . . . The writers Jarrell loved were usually moralists as decent as himself; he was a democratic Christian, in the country where democracy is our Christianity: so Whitman thought, so Wordsworth would have agreed, so William Carlos Williams believed. . . . And beyond this, Jarrell loved *poets* more than other poets have loved, *poets* in general. His comprehensive love of poets, his eloquent and witty love, the personal despair that by contrast is the story and tone of so many of his poems, shows that for him not his own poems but "poetry" was his kingdom.

IT WAS THIS that made him the prince of reviewers. Such a combative reviewer he was, such a loving reviewer, such an incredibly feeling, teaching, exciting reviewer! When I read his review of Robert Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle,* I knew that I was reading something that Coleridge might have written about Wordsworth—it seemed to come out of an anthology, it was so blessedly decisive, straight, clever, true:

"When I reviewed Lowell's first book I finished by saying, 'Some of the best poems of the next years ought to be written by him.' The appearance of *Lord Weary's Castle* makes me feel . . . like a rainmaker who predicts rain, and gets a flood which drowns everyone in the country. A few of these poems, I believe, will be read as long as men remember English."

That is the way poets write about each other. That is authority.

That authority, I think, was Jarrell's greatest ideal. It was what made Goethe and Schubert wise. It filled his own heart and mind with so much eloquence—and at times so much bitterness against a world that seemed to deny it to him—that to read him was to vibrate with the excitement of his love, his ambition, his reading, his hope, and his despair. His best essays—the particular studies of Frost, Whitman, Stevens, Williams, Kipling, the art of the short story—communicate the perfection and authority that Jarrell seemed to be dreaming, dreaming alone, in his kingdom. Does anyone still have to say how different these studies were from the kind of criticism that reads, as Jarrell said, as if it had been written by "a syndicate of encyclopaedias for an audience of International Business Machines?" Criticism that is not informed by an ideal of the highest professional competence is usually ungenerous as well as uninformed. In his kingdom Jarrell was happier to belong with the poets than to triumph over them. It was pure intellectual love, an allegiance, a gift of the heart that filled him. That allegiance can sometimes make a man feel lonelier on a modern highway than if he were lost in the Antarctic.

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A Village of Painters

ALFRED WERNER

THE EXAMPLE of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia seems to demonstrate that a degree of freedom in the arts, especially the non-verbal ones, need not conflict with a state's Communist doctrine. After a very brief phase of "Socialist Realism," with its monumental peasants and workers in theatrical stances, the country managed with astonishing speed to link itself to the latest trends of art in Paris and New York. Moreover, from Yugoslavia's population of farmers and fishermen have come half a hundred painters and sculptors of great merit, and though one hesitates to call them "primitives," this is precisely the official term given to this group. (Zagreb, capital of the Croatian Republic, has a "Gallery of Primitive Art.")

While nearly every country has, or has had, Sunday painters, usually hobbyists in their old age, in Yugoslavia there are villages where art is the pre-occupation of many residents, and where the artists have formed co-operatives of a sort.

The beginnings of this phenomenon can be traced to 1930, when a young Paris-trained painter, Krsto Hegedusic, started to give lessons to a sixteen-year-old swineherd named Ivan Generalic.

Hegedusic's experiment had its origins in a feeling that in his country art had become lifeless and alienated from the people, and that one had to derive new strength from contacts with the unsophisticated country folk outside such metropolitan centers as Zagreb or Belgrade.

Paul Gauguin had had a similar idea when he fled from Paris to Brittany to Arles and finally to the South Seas. Hegedusic did not have to go that far. Only ninety miles to the northeast of Zagreb, in Northern Croatia, was the village of Hlebine, where he found a couple of sharp-eyed youngsters who instinctively recorded on paper what they saw, though they had only the most rudimentary formal education and had never been in an art museum.

By 1931, the "Hlebine School of Painting" was in operation. Its pillars were Generalic, Franjo Mraz, and an older man, Mirko Virius, who was a veteran of the First World War. It was only a local affair, unnoticed outside the country. World War II scattered the group. Mraz and Virius joined the Partisans, and the latter died in a Fascist concentration camp. After the war the survivors came together and Generalic became chef d'école. Just as, once upon a time, he had been guided by Hegedusic, so he now "taught" the newcomers: Franjo Dolenec, Franjo Filipovic, Dragan Gazi, Mijo Kovacic, the young peasant girl Marija Matina, and others.

It was not long before real success came. In 1952 there was a large group show of the Primitives at Zagreb, and the next year Generalic had his first one-man show in Paris. In 1958 the work of the former swineherd was presented at the Brussels World's Fair exhibition, "50 Years of Modern Art." His paintings, along with those of several of his associates, have since been exhibited in Hamburg, Zurich, Rotterdam, London, Moscow, and recently in New York. The Primitives' small pictures now fetch enormous prices.

Today, art dealers and tourists alike visit Hlebine, which is still so small that it cannot be found on a map, and which is three hours of rough country road from Zagreb.

The house where Generalic and his wife live is not conspicuous, but has all the modern comforts and looks like the home of a well-fixed factory foreman. The small adjacent cottage that was his original home is now used as a studio. Though he could afford to neglect farming, he says that he needs to look after his cows, pigs, chickens, and the bit of land he owns. Once, when he was invited by the French government to stay in Paris, he felt so out of place in the luxurious quarters provided him that he moved to a cheap little hotel where, on a gas plate, he could cook his own meals. (In one picture, Generalic shows the Eiffel Tower set among the sheep in the pastures of Hlebine, somewhat the way Chagall used to place the tower above the roofs of the little houses of Vitebsk.) Generalic paints whenever there is nothing else to do—on Sundays, on rainy days, in the winter.

GENERALIC, his associates, and his disciples have no more understanding of abstract art than Henri Rousseau had of Cubism. Intellectual concepts play no role in their work. But the Primitives are not necessarily underdeveloped as craftsmen. What distinguishes them is their outlook: naïvely, they want to take possession of the world around them, their houses, vineyards, livestock, and stables. What interests them are their festivals and funerals, their cattle markets, and the anglers, duck-hunters, and gypsies among them.

They tell their story with a wealth of detail and a precise firmness of contour hardly noticed by the eye (which, as the Impressionists knew so well, suppresses or merges details, and blurs outlines). They aspire to paint every wrinkle in a face with a microscopic faithfulness. They are unconcerned with the broad effects of light and shade. Meticulously, they make a record of their friends, their family, their tools, animals, their worldly possessions. The notion that a picture might basically be nothing more than "a flat surface covered with colors arranged in a certain order" (the dictum of Gauguin's disciple, Maurice Denis) would be incomprehensible to them. For them, art is a conquest over life, and a painting is as much a miracle as a rich harvest—a present from the Power Above.

They do not subscribe to art magazines. They do not own books on art. (Generalic had been painting for many years when, for the first time, he came across works by Bosch and Brueghel, and discovered a kinship with their naïve story-telling manner.) They have never bothered to try out any of the modern methods and media of painting. As a matter of fact, all but one member of the Hlebine School stick to a technique which seems the prerogative of folk art all over Europe —*Hinterglasmalerei,* painting on glass (at times with tempera, but

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more often with oil). When the picture is finished, the panel is turned around so that through the glass the viewer sees the design reversed, with the colors enhanced. Until it was replaced by cheap color reproductions of sentimental religious paintings, the Hinterglas picture, invariably on a Christian theme, was the leading decoration in the rural chapels and in the farm houses in the Alpine regions of central Europe, in Romania, and in what is now Yugoslavia.

GLASS IS TOO HARD, too resistant a surface to permit the vibrancy, the personal touch, the immediacy of painting on canvas. But the men and women of Hlebine are not like the Impressionists who, working in the open air, wanted their canvases to catch the sunlight as it hit the foliage. The Hlebinites do not seek to express their individuality by means of a loaded brush on a resilient plane. Instead, there hovers over the pictures a poetic impersonality that is heightened by the very nature of the medium—one sees the picture not directly, but is separated from it through the thickness of the glass—and by the tendency (universal in primitive art) to render with the greatest possible accuracy the local colors (the pink of a face, the brown of a coat, and so forth), and to adhere as closely as possible to existing reality.

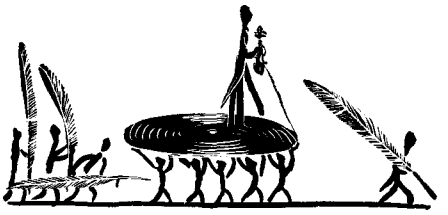
Luckily the Hlebinites—like other "Primitives" before them—do not quite succeed. Henri Rousseau, after meticulously copying tropical plants and sketching tigers in the botanical garden and zoo of Paris, somehow produced in the isolation of his studio fantastic jungle scenes that no aborigines would recognize. Maurice Utrillo painted his Montmartre streets from postcards—yet unconsciously endowed them with all the melancholy fervor of his strange personality.

In the same way the Hlebinites use colors of a lyrical tenderness or of an Expressionist strength that are not found in nature. In painting foliage, for instance, they want to convey the sense of every tiny leaf (and, indeed, each is delineated with the precision and delicacy so often found in early medieval illustrations). Yet the multitude of detail fails to confuse them; among the productions of this group a poorly designed work is a rarity.

Two unforgettable pictures by Generalic have often been reproduced. The poetic atmosphere of his early painting, *Underneath the Pear Tree,* recalls the efforts of Quattrocento painters of Florence or Siena. The middle-aged farm couple beneath the large tree represent hard toil and simple satisfaction. Though the picture is small, it has a monumental quality, with the mood of autumn and the vast expanse of an undulating Croatian landscape rendered in delicate colors. *The Death of Virius* is a more recent picture, displaying the new, somewhat "Surrealist" trend in Generalic's work. In the center of a meadow a dead man lies on the ground, a handkerchief mercifully covering his eyes. Thirteen burning candles surround the corpse. A rooster approaches, as if to say good-bye to a friend.

The Virius in the title is Mirko Virius, who was killed by the Fascists. We know him from one of his self-portraits. He is seen standing with a vineyard behind him, a gaunt man with serious, questioning eyes and the strong hands of a worker. In his work there are no bucolic idylls, just the stark and ugly side of the life of a Croatian peasant.

Generalic and his flock are not saints. They are shrewd countrymen, fully aware of the art market and the possibility of making a lot of money. It remains to be seen whether there will be a falling of standards in Hlebine. Perhaps the fact that these men and women have remained close to the soil and to their rustic neighbors, and that they do their daily chores like the rest will prevent them from becoming superficial and slick. Whether Hlebine will remain a "village of painters" also remains to be seen, though it is encouraging that several of the present group are still in their twenties and early thirties. Hlebine is also interesting for another reason. It proves—if such proof is necessary—that man does not live by bread alone, and that the need for spiritual endeavors can arise even among men and women whom fate seems to have destined for a life of unceasing toil.



Opera Notes

ROLAND GELATT

ALONG with football and politics, the autumn season traditionally brings a flood of new opera recordings. Three early arrivals are *Lohengrin, Nabucco,* and *Cav. & Pag.*

First attention goes to *Lohengrin* (RCA Victor 6710; five discs, mono or stereo) in deference to the well-meaning largess that brought this recording into being. Nothing was stinted in its production. Rather than go to Europe, where union rates are lower and working conditions more permissive, RCA elected to record the opera in America with the most extravagant "pit orchestra" imaginable—the Boston Symphony at full strength, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. The work was rehearsed to a fare-thee-well and recorded painstakingly over twelve three-hour sessions. Tons of helpful paraphernalia were brought in: closed-circuit television to relay the conductor's beat to offstage musicians; portable air-conditioning units to immunize Boston's Symphony Hall from an August heat wave; extra tape machines to forestall interruptions. All told, about $180,000 was spent from start to finish, which makes this *Lohengrin* far and away the most costly opera recording in history. That is, alas, its chief distinction. As an artistic recreation, the production is no great shakes.

Admittedly, an uncut *Lohengrin* has plenty of built-in hurdles to clear—and this recording is complete to the last note, even including material ordinarily omitted at Bayreuth. The work cuts a poor figure next to *Der Ring, Tristan,* and *Meistersinger.* It is an old-fashioned opera consisting of recitatives, arias, duets, and choruses strung along one after another. Among them we encounter some marvelous tunes (millions of brides have not appeared to the

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strains of the Wedding Chorus for nothing), but we also encounter some interminably tedious patches, and nowhere do we find that engrossing symphonic development of motive which Wagner achieved a mere seven years later in the first of the *Ring* dramas. Nevertheless, despite these very real shortcomings, *Lohengrin* is not a hopeless cause. I remember being enthralled by its fairy-tale atmosphere in my early opera-going days, and though this may be partially ascribed to the good-natured tolerance of youth, it had also to do with the fact that I heard *Lohengrin* performed by great artists. The Elsas of my youth were Elisabeth Rethberg, Lotte Lehmann, and Kirsten Flagstad; the Lohengrins were René Maison and Lauritz Melchior. Their like is no longer to be found.

Sandor Konya, the Lohengrin of this new recording, comes closest to matching the standards set by his predecessors. He has sung the role more than two hundred times in opera houses throughout the world and makes a magnificent appearance on stage, a truly radiant knight in shining armor. Heard but not seen, Kónya is less impressive. There is an occasional whine in his singing that conflicts with Lohengrin's strength of character (it seems particularly detrimental in the *Höchstes vertrau'n* episode), and he displays a whitening of tone at high climaxes that lessens the heroic effect intended. Still, this is a distinguished and often vocally sumptuous portrayal.

The same cannot be said for any of the other performances. Lucine Amara is completely miscast as Elsa, a light soprano endowed with neither the fullness of tone nor the mystical rapture to do justice to the part. Rita Gorr has some compelling moments as Ortrud, enough to show that she is basically right for this imperious and difficult role, but most of the sessions caught her in poor vocal form. William Dooley as Telramund and Jerome Hines as King Henry give performances that are best described as workmanlike.

This leaves the Boston Symphony as the hero of the occasion. It makes a wonderful sound in this music (even though its brass does not have the rich, plummy character which Wagner ideally demands), and to give this sound its full due RCA's engineers pulled out all the stereo stops. There are some stunning effects—the opening of Scene IV in the second act, for instance, with the shimmer of high violins arching over a velvety chorus, or the opening of Scene III in the third act, as the Brabantian army enters to the bray of proclamatory trumpets from all directions. But to my ears the recording as a whole has too much resonance. The voices glare with a souped-up brilliance that blurs clarity and eventually tires the senses.

Well, the $180,000 has been spent, and for it RCA Victor can at least lay claim to the most recommendable *Lohengrin* in stereo. But if you want to hear how this music should be *sung*, listen to the Bridal Chamber scene performed by Flagstad and Melchior (RCA Victor 2618). And if you want to hear it conducted with true intensity, listen to the Preludes brought to incandescent heat by Arturo Toscanini (RCA Victor 6020).

Almost overnight *Nabucco* established Verdi as the leading musical light of Italy. Like *Lohengrin*, it gives merely a hint of the mastery that its composer would eventually achieve. But unlike *Lohengrin*, it is fun from beginning to end. The piece pulses with vibrant energy. Even today, at a distance of 125 years, one can understand how *Nabucco* electrified its first audiences and how its elemental force astounded listeners accustomed to the gentle, undulating lyricism of Bellini and Donizetti. The libretto, derived from the Old Testament (Nabucco is a shortened form of the Italian for Nebuchadnezzar), makes very little sense; the characters are one-dimensional; the instrumentation is sometimes harsh, the rhythms sometimes square. Nevertheless, *Nabucco* is clearly a work of genius, and anyone at all predisposed to Verdi cannot help but succumb to its vigorous honesty.

The new recording (London 1382 stereo, 4382 mono; three discs) makes a good case for the opera, though it is by no means ideally cast. Its chief vocal adornment is the young Greek soprano Elena Suliotis, who makes an exciting recorded debut in the role of Abigaille. This is a bravura part requiring a singer of wide compass, thrusting power, and sheer declamatory nerve—qualities that Miss Suliotis has in plentiful supply. In verve and brilliance she bears more than a superficial resemblance to Callas in her prime, though whether she will disclose the latter's subtlety and musicality still remains to be seen. Abigaille is not a subtle vehicle. Tito Gobbi sings the role of Nabucco, the wicked and later repentant king of Babylon. It is not the kind of music in which this veteran artist can appear to persuasive effect. The part calls for a lusty baritone with a ringing top, whereas Gobbi is a sensitive singing actor who must now constantly husband his resources. Imagine Gielgud playing Henry the Fifth and you'll get the picture. Carlo Cava is assigned one of the great basso parts—that of Zaccaria, the High Priest—and you keep wishing he were Pinza or Pasero. Bruno Prevedi and Dora Carral deal competently with the minor roles of Ismaele and Fenena.

So far, approval has been somewhat qualified. What tips the scales decisively in this set's favor is the beauty of the recording. This is London Records' "Vienna sound" at its attractive best—widespread but not dissected, live but not overly reverberant, clean and true, with the comings and goings on stage skillfully and tastefully delineated. The orchestra is the Vienna Opera Orchestra conducted by Lamberto Gardelli. He's no Toscanini (compare Gardelli's soft attacks and squarish phrasing with the Maestro's recording of "*Va, pensiero*") but he keeps the piece moving, and in *Nabucco* that's what counts.

Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* form a twin bill that refuses to die. They are the tabloids of opera—their stories unedifyingly raw, their music meretricious and corny. To be entirely fair, one would have to peg *Pagliacci* at a somewhat higher level of muscial accomplishment than *Cavalleria*, but neither one is a great work of art. They hold the stage for the same reason, I suppose, that the New York *Daily News* holds its circulation.

The operas have been recorded again and again, by an array of pres-

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tigious singers. It would be foolhardy to claim that the latest *Cav. & Pag.* —made at La Scala under the direction of Herbert von Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon 139205/7 stereo, 39205/7 mono; three discs)—is superior to all others, but the new set (available in October) can certainly hold its own. Both operas are exceptionally well cast. Karajan's conducting is way above routine for these works, and the recording is at least serviceable. Carlo Bergonzi appears in each, as Mascagni's Turiddu and Leoncavallo's Canio. It must now be clear to everyone that this tenor is the unchallenged successor to Jussi Bjoerling—an artist who does not shout or sob or gulp but instead sings with masterful vocal control and a patrician sense of phrasing. As usual, he tends to sound a bit uncommitted and aloof. This doesn't matter much in the case of Turiddu, who is a pretty witless young man, but it does blunt the raging, jealous fury of Canio. Still, it's a pleasure to hear these parts sung rather than bawled.

Apart from Bergonzi, each opera has a distinct set of singers. The Santuzza in *Cavalleria* is Fiorenza Cossotto, a mezzo neither gutty at the bottom nor piercing at the top. I've never heard the role better done. The Alfio is Giangiacomo Guelfi, a forceful, no-nonsense baritone who for many years has been a mainstay of Italian opera houses and deserves to be better known on records. *Pagliacci* has an equally accomplished cast: Giuseppe Taddei as Tonio, not quite as pointed in the Prologue as one might wish, but still highly effective; Joan Carlyle as Nedda, a bright and engagingly feminine voice; Rolando Panerai as her lover Silvio, a secondary part here given primary attention by a baritone celebrated for his polished characterizations; and Ugo Benelli, Italy's foremost *tenore leggiero,* in the role of Beppe.

To make things perfect, the twin bill should have been more imaginatively recorded. Deutsche Grammophon's producers continue to treat operas as if they were oratorios and its engineers continue to favor rather distant pickups. But in view of the prodigal musical talent which the German company has lavished on these durable staples, one shouldn't complain too bitterly.

BOOKS

The Age of Innocents

ANDREW M. GREELEY

THE NEW LEFT, by Phillip Abbott Luce. *David McKay. $4.50.*

THE NEW STUDENT LEFT. Edited by Mitchell Cohen and Dennis Hale. *Beacon Press. $4.95.*

Not many years ago I was wandering across a Washington hotel lobby trying to look as if I belonged at a social-science convention; a friend approached me and invited me to a party of some people he wanted me to meet. In the smoke-filled room where the party was going on, I discovered that with the exception of one member of the Irish Mafia (whose jaw dropped half a mile when he saw my Roman collar) I was the only person present who was not both an ex-Trotskyite and a distinguished American social scientist. While, like any boy from the plains of Illinois, I was delighted to be in the company of the mighty, I must confess that the party was a depressing experience, because "the end of ideology" permeated the whole room. It was something of an annual wake to lament the glorious days when it was possible to have an ideology. One of the men present said to me, "We started out as Communists, then we became Trotskyites, then Socialists, then Social Democrats, then supporters of the labor movement, then just plain Democrats, and now we're all full professors. The world was a better place when we had an ideology."

I suppose the spiritual pilgrimage from the Young People's Socialist League to full professorship is not a particularly strange one in American society, but to one who became a New Deal Democrat shortly after birth and has not deviated from the true faith for almost four decades, the journey from the Labor Temple to a hotel in Washington seemed to be rather a pathetic one.

What is worse, I'm not at all sure that it is not going to happen all over again. Given the tendency of Americans, particularly younger Americans, to refuse to learn anything from history, it seems altogether possible that the New Left of the 1960's will embark on precisely the same pilgrimage that its predecessors traveled; however, the pilgrimage is likely to be much more rapid and perhaps more disastrous for those who will travel on it.

A McCARTHYITE reaction to the New Left seems inevitable, and if it is barely yet in sight, it would surely seem at least that this generation of radicals has already found its Whittaker Chambers. Phillip Abbott Luce was editor of the Progressive Labor Party's magazine, helped organize two student pilgrimages to Cuba, and claims to have originated the anti-draft campaign against the Vietnamese war. Now, with far greater speed than his predecessor, at the ripe old age of twenty-seven, he turns against his Communist comrades, denounces them, supports the war in Vietnam, and expresses fears that Students for a Democratic Society and possibly even SNCC will be co-opted by the Progressive Labor Party Maoists.

The New Left, like many another ex-Communist "confession," is frequently a touching book. Mr. Luce is a sensitive young man who has obviously gone through a great deal of anguish, and any but the most hardened reader will sympathize with him. Still, he will hold us excused if we refuse to believe that his judgment on the student Left of our day is a final one.

Even more disturbing than the

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confessions of someone who has already become disillusioned with neo-Stalinism is the romantic faith of the New Leftists themselves. They are most unlikely ever to be tempted by the Progressive Labor Party (though they may occasionally collaborate with it); as represented by the anthology entitled *The New Student Left,* they are anything but Marxists. On the contrary, their bohemian behavior and dress and their unreliability, as Mr. Luce points out, are a scandal to the more orthodox Communist functionaries. (Luce's description of how the Czech Communist bureaucrats were forced to share a health resort with his Cuban touring group is hilariously funny; no Establishment likes to have bohemians around.) The authentic Stalinists in today's New Left are under party discipline to shave and to regularize their lives.

If the romantic Left has any prophet at all it is not Marx, Lenin, or Che Guevera. It is C. Wright Mills. In *The New Student Left,* Thomas Hayden idolizes Mills for saying, in Hayden's paraphrase, "You false liberals are suffering from the failure of your youthful dreams; you are eviscerating the great optimistic tradition of liberalism from the Enlightenment to the twentieth century; you are justifying disinterest in morality; you are eliminating emotion, dissent, outrage and, yes, the wellsprings of life itself."

And if there be any doubt about their romanticism, one need only read the Port Huron Statement of the SDS, the Magna Carta of the New Left.

The youthful enthusiasts are, we are informed (in their most frequently quoted passage), "people of this generation, bred in at least modest comfort, housed in universities, looking uncomfortably to the world we inherit." And what do they see in the world which they are uncomfortably investigating? "Loneliness, estrangement, isolation describe the vast distance between man and man today. These dominant tendencies cannot be overcome by better personnel management, nor by improved gadgets, but only when a love of man overcomes the idolatrous worship of things by man.

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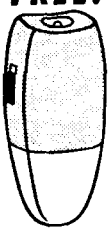

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affirm is not self-elimination. On the contrary, we believe in generosity of a kind that imprints one's unique individual qualities in the relation to other men, and to all human activity. Further, to dislike isolation is not to favor the abolition of privacy; the latter differs from isolation in that it occurs or is abolished according to individual will."

Now, there are two things that can be said of this kind of prose, in addition to the fact that it is anything but ringing. One can either assume that it is so trite and trivial as to be quite irrelevant, or one can say that it is meant as a serious description of contemporary society, and then one is forced to say that it is so oversimplified and undocumented as to be also irrelevant. And yet this is the kind of ideology that sustains the student radicals of our time in their unquestionably impressive campaigns. One almost suspects that the civil-rights, poverty, and peace involvements of the young leftists came first and that the ideology, such as it is, was tacked on as an afterthought.

THERE CAN BE no objection to ideology coming after action, but one looks in vain in the pages of *The New Student Left* for any convincing evidence that an ideology is developing that would occupy some sort of middle ground between doctrinaire Stalinism and the sentimental romanticism of the Stanford graduate student who proclaimed, "Ideology is love." It is all well and good for *The New Student Left* to dismiss Clark Kerr as a tyrant and the ex-Trotskyites as finky. But while young men may not need ideology to sustain their action, most older men do. It is very much to be feared that the New Left will travel down the road to finkdom much more rapidly than did its forerunners.

Romanticism is great sport when one is young, especially when it is combined with hard-nosed political skills acquired on the picket lines and in the freedom schools. But the sustaining power of romanticism is at best marginal. As one young political-science professor at a college with more than its share of New Leftists commented, "They're enthusiasts now, but just wait until they get into graduate school and discover the world is a lot more complicated than either they or C. Wright Mills thought. They'll stop being radicals and just settle down to being graduate students." One hopes he is wrong, one hopes that there is some halfway house between romantic radicalism and alienated professionalism, but one looks in vain for the signs that many are in the process of discovering one.

The disillusionment of the student Left may be a far more serious thing for American society than it would first appear, for it will mark the end of a fresh and generous spark of enthusiasm and idealism that erupted in the country in the early 1960's. No one who cares about the future of this republic can possibly view with satisfaction the disappearance of the Peace Corps-civil rights wave that swept across the college campuses for a few brief years. If this spark of idealism should be snuffed out, then the way will be open for the younger generation to be dominated not by the New Left but by the New Sullenness which may, in the final analysis, be the distinctive mark of the young people of the 1960's.

It is a mistake to assume that the New Left is a very large force. At no time have the student activists been anything but a minority of the college population. As one social scientist remarked, "The clods are always the majority." However, elite groups do give a tone and an atmosphere to a culture that may make the crucial difference in the way society moves. And surely the tiny minority of New Leftists or at least New Liberals who appeared on the campuses in the early 1960's made them vastly different places from the campuses of the 1950's that were, as David Riesman pointed out, populated by a generation looking for degrees as "visas to suburbia."

The major change in the uninvolved majority of college students today would seem to be that they have bought the New Left's cynicism toward the established order without buying the New Left's determination to do something about American society. Thus, the Newly Sullen combine the noninvolvement of the 1950's with a contemptuous alienation of the early 1960's.

We are told that the New Left and the New Idealism are already beginning to wane on the campuses, that the Peace Corps and other service organizations are finding it more difficult to recruit students, that many of the younger college students are persuaded that civil-rights activity is "out," and that a good number of younger Jewish students (always in the forefront of militant movements) are wondering why vast numbers of Negroes, including some New Left leaders, are anti-Semitic. But other causes of student disillusionment must be sought. The Vietnamese war, a messy and complicated conflict, has spread cynicism and disillusionment among the nation's young. Even the most optimistic of this group do not view the war as being anything better than ambiguous and none of them expect that its conclusion can be anything more than a compromise.

MORE SERIOUS still, the most important single political event in the life of a whole generation of young Americans was the Kennedy assassination. Among older people there is little realization of the profound impression that John Kennedy made on millions of the young, an impression that is all the more profound because it is difficult for them even to articulate it. The mindless tragedy of his death meant not so much the end of political faith for a nonideological generation; it meant the end of idealism for an idealistic generation. Nor, try as he might, can Kennedy's successor possibly win the same adulation. On the contrary, the contrast they think they see between the two administrations causes powerful revulsions among many young people. It does no good to point out to them that they do not give President Johnson a chance. They may admit that is true, but they say that they cannot help it.

But myths are no more a substitute for an ideology than is romanticism. If the New Left and the New Idealists are not to be replaced almost totally by the Newly Sullen and the Newly Cynical, someone had better come up with a faith pretty quickly. In the meantime, I trust that I will be excused from attending any parties where former New Leftists will recount the glories of the days when they had one.

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Nor Any Drop To Drink . . .

GEORGE H. T. KIMBLE

DEATH OF THE SWEET WATERS, by Donald E. Carr. *W. W. Norton. $5.95.*
THE COMING WATER FAMINE, by Jim Wright. *Coward-McCann. $5.00.*

It is odd to think that the thing this crowded earth is getting to be shortest of is water. In addition to there being nearly three acres of water for every acre of land, there is water under every acre of land and so much under every acre of water that if all the land and water on the earth's surface were spread out evenly, the land would be submerged to a depth of more than two miles. For good measure, there is water above the earth's surface—enough, if all of it were released in a monumental cloudburst, to take care of the entire population of the planet. Yet the foremost preoccupation of half the people from China to Peru is not how to increase the supply of land, but the supply of water—useable water, that is. Though he is speaking only of the United States in his Foreword to *The Coming Water Famine* by Representative Jim Wright of Texas, Stewart Udall is really speaking for the approximately three billion inhabitants of the earth when he says that "mounting demands on our finite supply of water are accelerating our date with a dry destiny."

It is a chastening thought; as Carr and Wright both remind us, there is nothing new about dry destinies. The history of many ancient societies was written in water, and ended when the water gave out. Wright may be relying on his imagination when he writes that "it is not far-fetched . . . to emphasize that Rome all but dried out." But few historians are likely to deny that one of the symptoms, if not one of the causes, of the Roman Empire's decline was the loss of her "social concern over water supplies."

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descriptive, diagnostic, prescriptive. They use many of the same arguments and modern instances: once in a while, even the same "wise saws." Both are formidable indictments of the standard American approach to the whole business of resource use: rarely before, we suspect, have so many names been named, including some an industrial chemist and a Democratic Congressman might well, for diplomatic reasons, have hesitated to name. Both strike the needed note of urgency, warning us that not the least of the races we are running against disaster is the "race against disease and ugliness—the race to clean up our once sweet waters" (Carr), and that while there is "*enough* water to serve our needs for future time if we learn to use and reuse it well . . . and *enough* time to do [it], . . . there's not much of either to spare" (Wright).

There are differences between the books, of course. Carr, the chemist, is stronger on diagnosis and Wright, the Congressman, on prescription. The latter is obviously less aware than the former of the technical difficulties in making dirty water clean and salt water sweet—to say nothing of keeping the lead level in each down below the danger line. Carr shows considerably less understanding than Wright of the inevitability of Congressional gradualness, and has much less use for some of the things that are seemingly inevitable. Of the two books, Carr's is the better organized, the better balanced, the "weightier": it also has some fine photographs and an excellent bibliography.

While the story these books tell is good enough to bear repetition, it is less than complete. For one thing, it seldom raises the reader's sights beyond our borders. This may not matter much all the time the reader is merely being filled in on case histories of pollution, but it begins to matter mightily the moment he is asked to consider remedies that involve resources lying outside American territorial limits.

Consider the matter (which both authors take up) of increasing the water supply by artificially increasing the rainfall. In these days of burgeoning Federal activity, it is understandable that the Department of Commerce (which, among other responsibilities, runs the U.S. Weather Bureau) should want to extend its reach. But is it not in danger of overreaching itself when it begins to show signs of wanting to manage the atmosphere in what it deems to be the national interest? I believe so, for three reasons.

First, because the atmosphere is not a piece of real estate: there are no islands in it that are anchored to the American main. Its winds blow where they list, and they have a habit of listing across political borders: indeed, across the whole earth. If there is one thing more certain than another about the kinds of weather we get in America, it is that few of them are American-made. Most of our cold comes from Canada and much of our heat from the Caribbean. The 1961 hurricane that flattened the fields of Louisiana and dropped forty billion tons of rain on the Mississippi valley, began life as a thundercloud somewhere east of the Leeward Islands; it later crossed the Atlantic as a deep depression to bring fruitful rains to the fields of Europe and the Soviet Union. To speak of "augmenting precipitation," and "blunting the thrust of hurricanes," as Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor recently did, is to speak of a kind of airway robbery.

Second, because there is absolutely no guarantee that such conditions as the "managers" might be able to bring about would do more good to more people than those nature achieves on her own. In 1950 resort keepers in the Catskills were made sufficiently unhappy by the supposed results of "seeding" clouds in the vicinity of New York City's reservoirs to sue the city for $1.5 million in damages. Similar actions have been taken in the West. Small matters, no doubt. But suppose the plaintiff had been the Soviet Union and the plea that, by blunting the thrust of a Louisiana hurricane, we had deprived the Siberian steppes of a much needed fall of rain. Since hurricanes are part of a global circulating system that shifts the moisture and heat of low latitudes, where they are born, to middle and high latitudes, where most of them die, the Russians would probably have little difficulty in establishing the legality of their case.

Third, because even if we did have a corner on some of the air—if there were some "American" islands in the atmosphere, we would still have no way of telling in advance what the result of a given piece of "management" would be. On several occasions when seeding has been carried out for the purpose of "augmenting precipitation," clouds have been seen to evaporate: and on at least one occasion when it was done with a view to "blunting the thrust" of a hurricane, Savannah, Georgia got the worst buffeting in living memory.

THE TRUTH is that, like the sorcerer's apprentices we still are, we just don't know enough about the ingredients of a given weather mix to tell what the addition of a new ingredient will do. There are even times when we don't know enough to forecast what will happen to the mix when it is left alone. Until we do, it might be just as well if we tried to get along with what we *know* we have.

Which brings me to what would seem to be a more fundamental shortcoming of both books, namely the absence of even so much as a hint that part of the answer to our water problem might lie in using less rather than in finding more. True, this may be a pretty un-American idea, but is it not time to come to terms with the finiteness of our water supply—even as we are beginning to do with the finiteness of our living space?

Scoop!

SAREL EIMERL

STEPPING WESTWARD, by Malcolm Bradbury. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.*

There is a certain type of English novelist who deserves our special compassion. Dazzled in adolescence by the comic genius of Evelyn Waugh, he grows up determined to ape The Master: to lay bare with devastating strokes of bizarre and antic wit the folly and pretentiousness of modern man. When I was at Oxford, practically everybody with literary ambitions wanted to write social satire in the Waugh manner.

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But to do so, one must, among other things, have a theme. Class, snobbery, people on the make? They have all been taken too often to the cleaners. Then, what . . . ah, yes, America.

It seems an ideal solution. Since the Second World War, the kind of Englishmen who read books have been obsessed with matters American. Moreover, by college age, every educated Englishman knows that Americans are brassy, crude, and without taste; effective, yes, at making money and women, but barbarians still and thus a perfect target for the urbane. When I was living in New York, I met at least half a dozen visiting Englishmen, still in thrall to The Master, who were writing satirical novels either about American advertising or American university life. Most of the books, I suspect, remain unpublished. But now the English novelist Malcolm Bradbury has spoken for the authors or at least for that half of them who were engaged in ridiculing the campus.

Following so heavily beaten a track, Bradbury could hardly have been expected to achieve novelty. And he hasn't. There is in this novel hardly a single character, scene, incident, or thought which is not familiar. Still, Bradbury's adherence to tradition does have its advantages. The rapid dialogue, the grotesque caricatures, the absurd situations combine to show how profound an influence The Master still exerts. And because he expresses almost every hack English prejudice, Bradbury provides a remarkably clear picture of that pathological mixture of resentment, contempt, and envy which characterizes the English attitude toward the United States.

THE PROTAGONIST is James Walker, a young English novelist. He is fat, flabby, and sluggish, empty of any strong feelings, thoughts, or commitments, and dominated by his wife: in short, our old friend, the anti-hero. This character is often traced back to Lucky Jim but actually his more elderly relatives include Paul Pennyfeather, Count Bezukhov or, come to that, Adam, a dreary fellow who let himself be pushed around by Eve; and we badly need something new. Anyway, Walker is invited to spend a year as creative

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writing fellow at Benedict Arnold (yes, yes, Benedict Arnold) University, which is situated out where "the various wests collide." On the boat he meets Julie Snowflake, who symbolizes the kind of American girl who goes to Hillesley (yes, Hillesley. Well, it could have been worse: Raddip? Mount Sinbeech?). She is, like all Seven Sisters girls, socially aggressive, bubbling with self confidence, and vastly sophisticated about sex. She talks continually, mostly about her search for uplift, and keeps quoting Kierkegaard, and she is altogether too much for poor provincial fatty Walker.

And so is Benedict Arnold, where Walker is from the start overwhelmed by all those Westerners, throbbing with the vitality and crude vigor of the frontier. Then a moral crisis blows up which is intended to do for this novel what the incident in the Caves of Marabar did for that other clash of cultures novel, *Passage to India*. Now what issues do you suppose an English liberal like Bradbury would turn to? Right, the loyalty oath. Should Walker sign it? The whole episode is masterminded by an American professor who is using Walker as a pawn to advance himself, and who symbolizes American know-how and subtlety. His manipulations are much too subtle for Walker to comprehend, and they also lost me, but the final result is that Walker refuses to sign the oath, thereby provoking a chaos on the campus which symbolizes the horrible confusion of American political life: belief in freedom on the one hand, you see, and Know-Nothing Anti-Intellectualism on the other.

At this point, the other symbol, Julie Snowflake, shows up, and takes Walker for a tour of the West. In Mexico her car breaks down, and because Walker cannot cope with the mechanics, Julie has to do it. Another clash of cultures; forceful American girl versus passive Englishman. As Julie points out, Walker lacks adaptability: "It's all those coronations and all that changing of the guard." As no American girl would want to live with a man who can't handle automobile mechanics, she decides that she can't marry Walker after all. And so to the end, with Walker retreating back to England, sadly aware that he simply isn't man enough to contend with these devious, driving, adaptable Americans.

As PRESENTED by Bradbury, they are indeed enough to make those of us who live here wonder how we survive it all. The American lust for old world tradition: most of the campus buildings are copies of ancient masterpieces, such as Ann Hathaway's Cottage and the Taj Mahal. American false values: the football coach was found to have bribed high-school stars to get them to come to Benedict Arnold. " 'What happened to him?' " " 'He was demoted to full professor.' " American dialogue: the President of the University at a faculty meeting, " 'Okay, well has anyone else here a suggestion he wants to put into space and see if it orbits? Looks like we're waiting for a breakthrough on this one.' " American egalitarianism: a New York cabbie quizzes Walker about his sex life and offers to fix him up. American informality: a professor walks into the john, disturbing Walker at the stool, to ask what kind of drink he wants. The savagery of New York manners: Walker offers a lady a seat on the subway and is told to "Cut it out."

On any New York subway I ever rode, such a gesture would more probably have evoked an invitation to dinner, or perhaps to marriage. But then maybe Bradbury didn't ride many subways, or meet many girls because it is when he is describing the American girl that he made me feel most homesick for the English way of looking at things. His general attitude is summarized by the remark of one character: "Salt of the earth, American girls . . . The only thing is, it's like shopping in a supermarket. There are so many good brands with only marginal differences that you never know which to pick." This echoes the view which that other English authority on American womanhood, Malcolm Muggeridge, used to offer in his twice yearly article on American girls in *Esquire*. I do not fully understand just why visiting Englishmen find it so hard to tell one American girl from another; perhaps, as with the Chinese or the Eskimos, one has to be around a while to distinguish between the faces. And then all American girls are so obsessed with sex and so outspoken about it. Walker suggests to Julie Snowflake that they go up on deck. " 'You thinking of trying to maul me around a lot?' " she responds, as any Hillesley girl would. But my special favorite was the reaction of a co-ed to *The Magic Mountain:* " 'Isn't it good? Isn't it?' said Miss Handlin. 'Didn't it just give you an orgasm?' "

IT all makes one despair of the travelling fellowships which bring the likes of Bradbury across the Atlantic. He could have written this novel just as well if he had stuck exclusively to what I suspect were his true sources: *The New Statesman,* John O'Hara, and *Ruggles of Red Gap*. I am afraid that the only result of his visits here have been to confuse the poor fellow. For like other visiting Englishmen, he was obviously charmed by American girls and impressed by the kind of American vitality and drive which, by osmosis, inspired Walker with enough moral energy to protest against the loyalty oath. He is critical of the "tradition, set up by Dickens and Matthew Arnold and Mrs. Trollope, of going to America and disliking it." Part of him stands eager to praise the virtues of Americans. But apparently he was unable to free himself from the preconceptions, and satiric intentions, which he brought over in his baggage; and this takes us back to the pathology of English attitudes and the malign influence of The Master. Americans are boobs and, if the triumph of *The Loved One* is to be repeated, must be presented as such. But how is this boobishness to be reconciled with the blooming exuberance of the girls and the vitality and efficiency of the men —which provide Bradbury with his clash of cultures theme? Answer: it can't be, which is why Bradbury finds himself trying to look over both his shoulders at the same time. Until visiting English writers are prepared to see Americans for what they are, and until they are ready to abandon their stereotypes of put-it-into-orbit-dialogue, and sex-obsessed, Kierkegaard reading, *The Magic Mountain* gave-me-an-orgasm girls, and all the rest, they might as well stay home.

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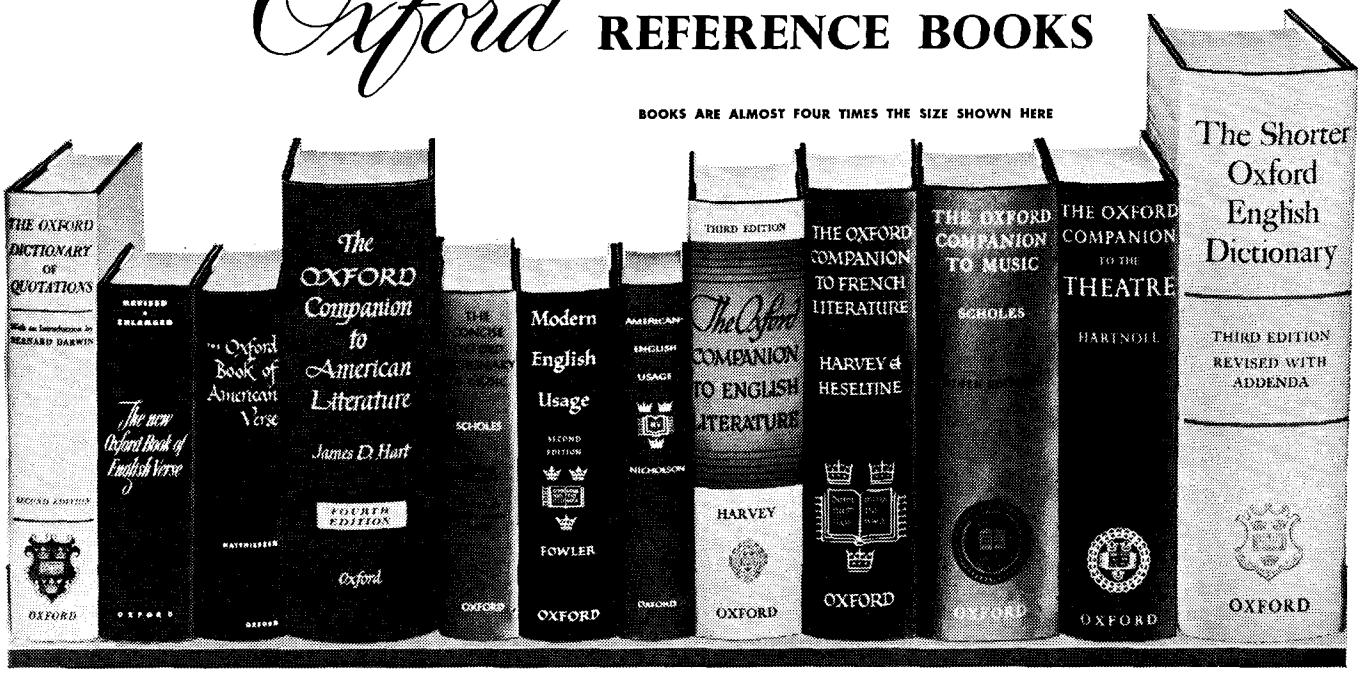

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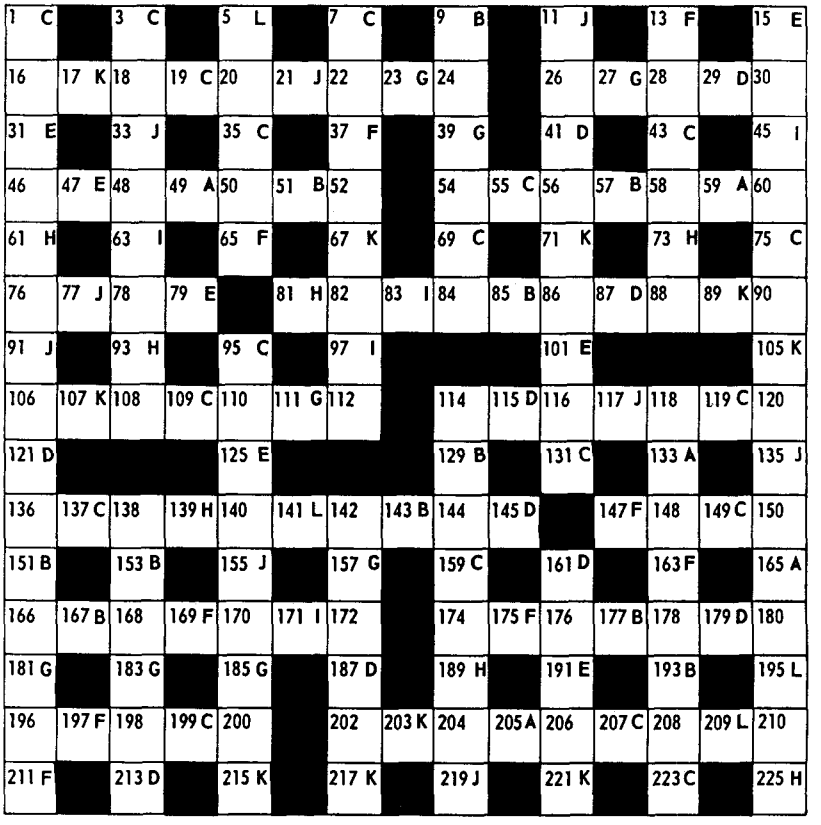
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 165 133 205 59 49 Very small (colloq.).

B 85 167 151 177 51 153 57 9 143 193 129 Capable of being refracted.

C 35 137 109 19 75 95 69 159 7 223 119 131 199 55 1 43 3 207 149 The Qattara Depression, for example (9,6,4).

D 87 161 179 121 187 145 41 115 29 213 A middling short golf stroke (6,4).

E 15 191 101 47 125 31 79 National economic self-sufficiency.

F 13 65 169 211 175 197 147 37 163 Indigence, poverty.

G 39 185 111 181 23 157 27 183 To fondle (slang).

H 73 81 189 61 225 93 139 "Never pray more;_____all remorse." Shakespeare, "Othello."

I 63 171 45 97 83 A lumberjack's tool (alt. sp.).

J 135 11 91 77 33 21 117 155 219 Vow made by me (4,1,4).

K 217 89 107 17 203 221 105 71 215 67 "I'm only a beer_____, not a champagne _____." Shaw, "Candida." (Same word twice.)

L 5 209 195 141 "_____,_____,tama sabachthani?" Mark. (Same word twice.)

ACROSS

16. Preposition, shelter, and particle give notice!
26. See 9 down.
46. Pays are for a soft sentence (slang) (4,3).
54. What process to use with molehills to make one gory.
76. How to hail a kind of vessel.
81. Body with the drinker for a young percussionist (3,7).
106. If you use turpentine you may repent with a point.
114. The more the concept.
136. You can say it is nice, unable as you are.
147. Garden with a lair at the end.
166. Revel with the French--it's an egalitarian thing.
174. Scriptural exposition, not dermatitis of the stomach.
196. Tones the beginning.
202. Block the first Secretary of Defense when he gains a pound.

DOWN

1. Caesar's time of the Ark animals? (5,2,3,5).
3. Not so good if I stoop or something (2,2,4).
5. Harden up in entire rune stone.
7. Dove swallows broken rips? Show it's false.
9. Followed by 26 across, work of the Acrostician (2,4,5).
11. With the son stable, they're not relative.
13. Kind of hose for a meson (2-4).
15. Vague age of one born yesterday, the 31st? (1,3,2,1,5,3).
95. Peter swallows a drink and it upsets him. Put the coffee on.
114. Ski maneuver with Gospel half of it.
118. Marxist greens? Perhaps for a saddler.
138. Put in money? No, perhaps take it out and disrobe partially.
142. Left afloat, perhaps, and I draft it.
161. Burned in a dusty fashion.

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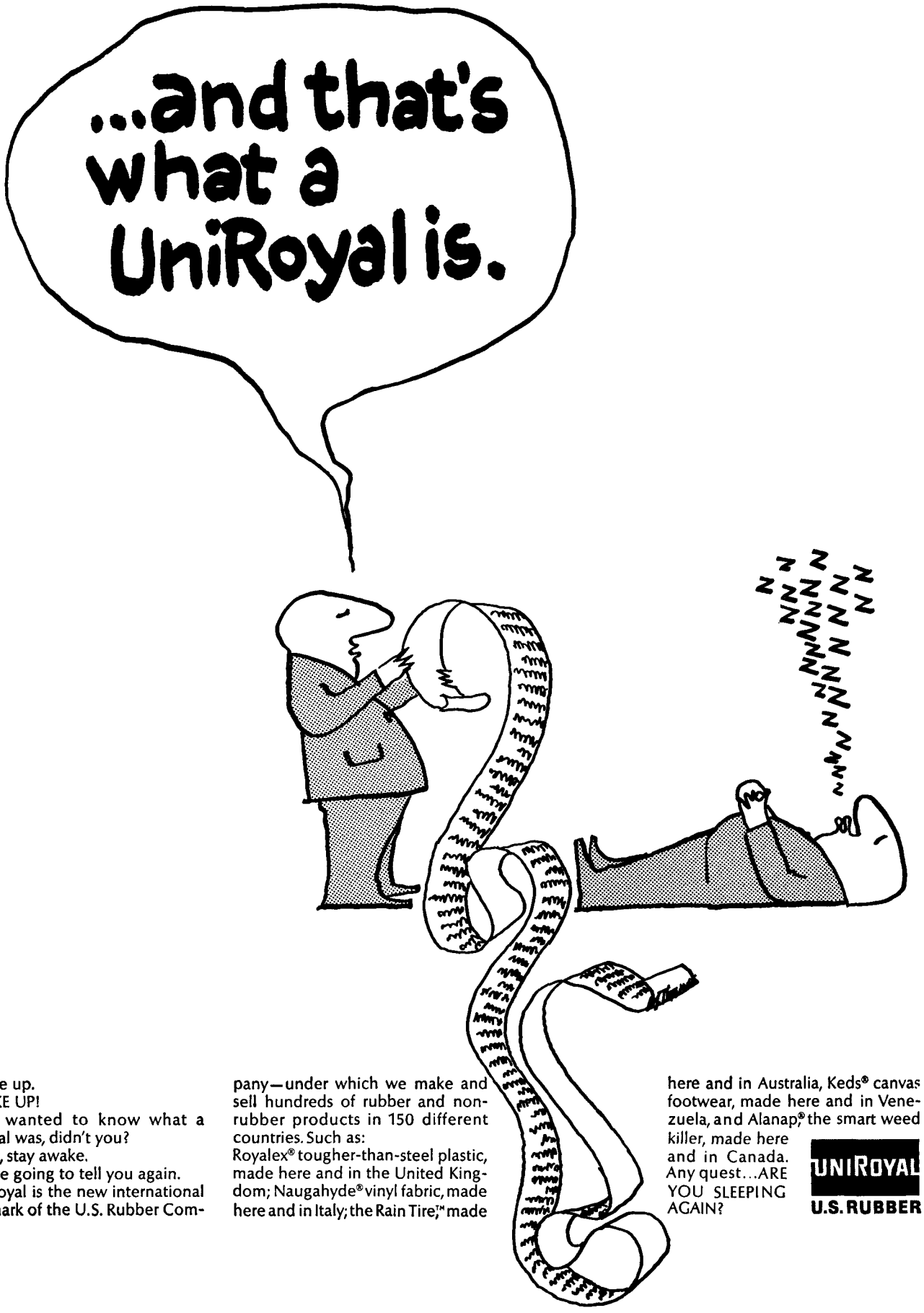
...and that's what a UniRoyal is.
Z Z Z

When men take us for granted, it's a compliment.

You men are all alike. You only come to a Hertz counter for one thing: a dependable car. Once you've got it, you take off.

Why shouldn't you? You come for a car, not conversation.

Ah, but let something go wrong. Then you notice us. Then we hear from you. And if we slip-up we deserve it.

Lately, we're happy to say, most of you haven't had much to say to us. That makes our boss very happy. He chalks it up to our good hard work and our great new Fords.

So you can see why a Hertz girl considers it a compliment when a man like you takes us for granted.

No word from you puts in a good word for us—with the boss.

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat. (Isn't that where you belong?)

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

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